

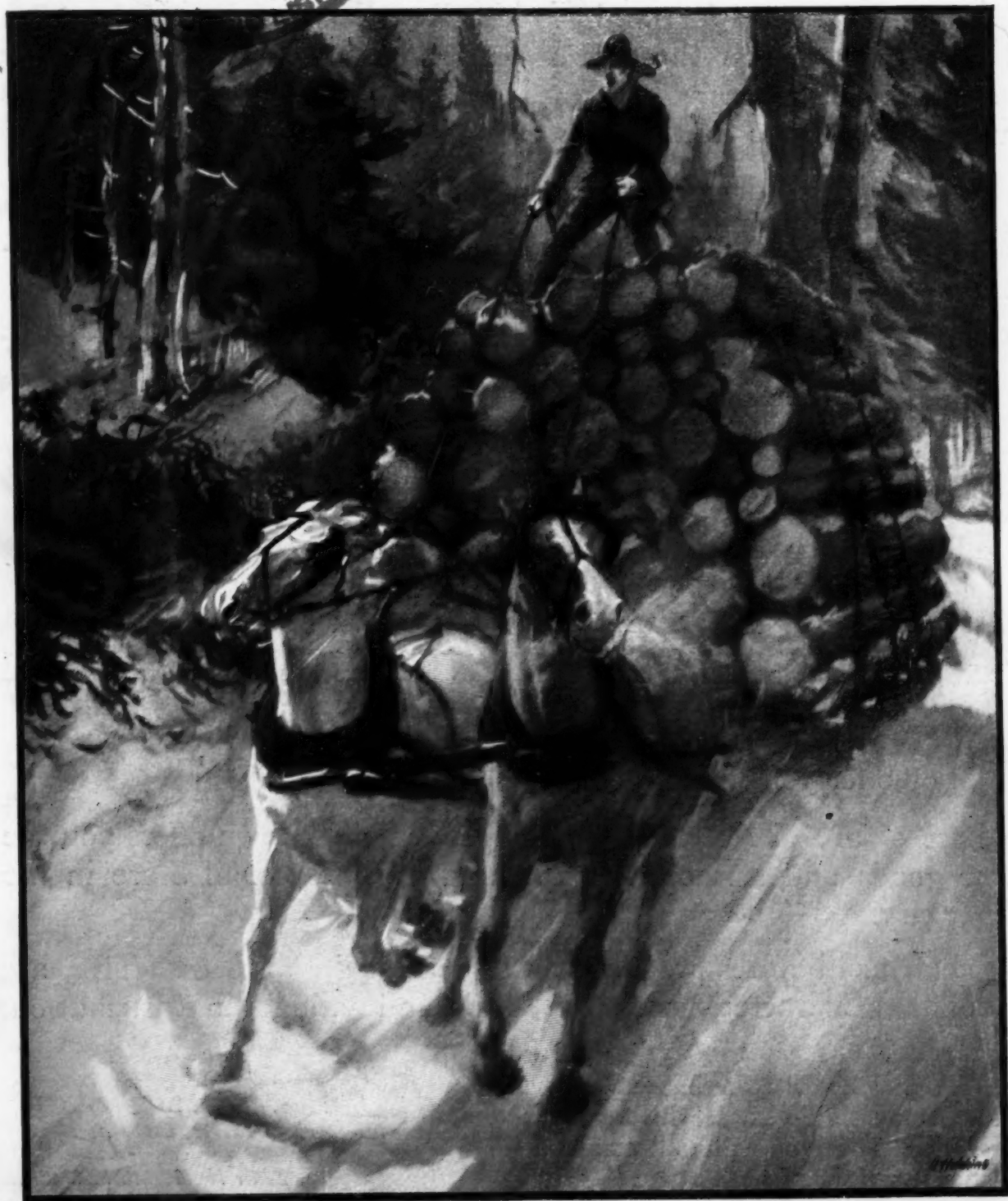
NATIONAL

Monthly about People

MAGAZINE

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

20¢



FEBRUARY 1910 MARCH

Your Relations with *The Rexall Stores*

I need not tell you that the 8000 Rexall Stores are the leading drug stores in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and the Philippines. But do you know the history of this great organization? Do you understand *how* and *why* the Rexall Druggist in *your* town is able to give you the lowest prices, best merchandise, and the most efficient service? It is a wonderful story. Just the mere facts quickly stated are amazing:

In 1903, forty druggists formed the United Drug Company:—

They began to manufacture and sell merchandise on the co-operative plan.

They confined their distribution to one member in each city or town.

They named their stores The Rexall Stores.

Today there are 8000 Rexall Stores.

The Rexall Druggists constitute an international organization—the largest of its kind in the world.

With factories, laboratories, warehouses, and purchasing depots throughout the world, they have transformed the retail drug business.

They offer you *standardized goods* and *standardized service*.

Best of all, The Rexall Store in the smallest town offers you the same goods and service that you find in The Rexall Store in the larger city.

The Rexall Stores are America's greatest drug stores. They are national in Character, national in Ideals, and national in Distribution.

Visit The Rexall Store in your town, talk to the Rexall Druggist, see his values, note his service. Then you will understand "*Your Relations with The Rexall Stores.*"



Editor NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Affairs *at* Washington ✓

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHEN the armistice was signed, the black curtain of war was lifted, revealing an immortal tableau of millions of soldiers in arms held in leash, still breathing in the tensivity of a death-grapple on the ghastly battlefields of the great world tragedy. This grim scene was lighted with the afterglow of war, the white light of promised peace glittering as a halo about the bowed heads of the repatriates of France and Belgium while they offered their humble and grateful prayers as the Angelus rang out its glorious message.

After visiting the devastated towns of Belgium and France, America never seemed more glorious. The first few days after I arrived my heart was singing continuous praises of the U. S. A. The war had revealed to me, as to every one of the returning soldiers, that there was no country on earth equal to our own United States.

The second trip overseas, confirmed thru personal observation, the fact that the seeds of Bolshevism being planted in this country are the same as those propagated in Germany and sown in Russia, now crumbling and blighted under its venomous growth. This same insidious thing is in this country under one guise or another, deadly in its purpose of disintegrating the splendid spirit of unity which had come with the war. The enemy is no longer the Hun in arms, but the sinister influences seeking to destroy the God-given ideals in America, for which fifty thousand of our soldier boys sleep in blankets on the battlefields of Europe. In his birth month of February

seems to come the refrain of Lincoln's words over and over again: "Shall they have died in vain?"

Washington in war and Washington after the armistice, with even the promise of peace, was an interesting evolution. The tension of war activities snapped, as it were, and with cool heads everybody sought to avert any feeling of panic and take up as heroically and enthusiastically the great responsibilities of readjustment as they undertook war work. The streets were lined with returning "doughboys," and I could not resist the impulse to salute every one with a wave of the hand as a welcome home, if nothing else. Now is the time to see that these boys secure employment as soon as possible. It is all right to talk sympathetically, but now is the time to act.

The average "doughboy" is not fascinated with hero stuff. What he is after now is something practical and substantial, that has to do with his future and that of the country he has helped to save. How it does make my blood boil to see men so immersed in money-making and so short-memoried as to forget that their money and property would have been nothing without these boys—even those who wear silver stripes as well as those who went abroad. They all took a real declaration of death, if necessary, for the country—don't forget that, while you are mumbling over the Declaration of Independence.

Of course, they like to have the home folks welcome them, but these things that commemorate impersonally are often made a vehicle for personal or political spotlight for ambitious individuals, and it does not seem to appeal to the



DELEGATION OF OSAGE INDIANS FROM OKLAHOMA

Having their picture taken on the Capitol grounds in company with "Big Man" Champ Clark and Congressman McKeown of Oklahoma

average "doughboy." They want real loaves and not stones of promise, for they have offered their lives as collateral, which transcends any bond or security which can be offered.

These are busy days at the War Department. Now the great question is to get a proper discharge, and what a precious paper



Photo by Clineinst

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE
Secretary of the Interior

that honorable discharge is! How it will be prized by future generations! It would seem that the primary work was to provide employment for the boys whom they took from their jobs. I never was so impressed in my life as to see a little elevator girl in a hotel who, when she saw the doughboy who had left, stepped out, saluted and said, "Here is your job." What do you suppose that doughboy said? "Not on your life. I am going to get a job without taking it away from a woman who was willing to work during the war." There was a chivalrous spirit in that lad.

Congress is grinding away on legislation. The White House seems deserted, for no matter how perfect the arrangements are, the President will find when he returns and takes up the tangled threads of accumulated work, that he is a mighty factor in keeping the wheels of government going. In the meantime there are endless discussions to mark time until the peace terms are known. Then the real work will begin.

*All in the
Day's Work*

ONE of the interesting personalities in President Wilson's cabinet is Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, who whimsically told the Baltimore Press Club a few weeks ago that he had begun a glorious newspaper career as an office boy, sweeping out the office at three dollars a week, and ten years later had closed it bankrupt, having been swept out, in turn, by his business office. But what Mr. Lane did not lose in that incidental adventure of an interesting career was his faith in humanity, and his vision for fine and worthy things, a quality that has been reflected in all his addresses and state papers written during the period of the war.

It was he who defined America recently as "the constant and continuous searching of the human heart for the thing that is better," and who declared, when the American troops won their first notable victory in France, "the cave man with his club, believing only in the doctrine of the survival of the strongest, has had his day."

In his new program for Americanization he observes that "there have been many schemes devised by which men of foreign birth may be Americanized, but, after all, there is but one method, and that is human relationship."

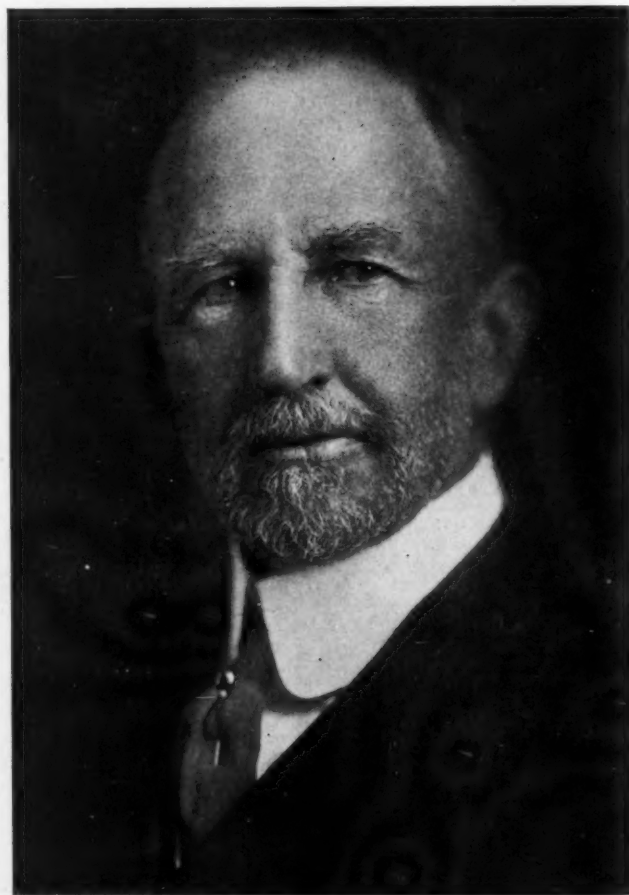
Mr. Lane's major projects in the reconstruction work about to be undertaken by the government are this problem of the alien and the illiterate, and the providing of new lands for settlement by American soldiers and sailors returning from the war. But these are in addition to the regular duties of his day's work.

Indeed, no cabinet officer has more diversified interests than he. They crowd his morning with conferences and appointments, at quarter-hour intervals, from nine until one o'clock.

A delegation from the Osage Indians, the richest body of men in the country, may be followed by a bureau chief reporting on the unused inventions that were looked up and turned to account in the war. Then a committee from the West will be announced for a discussion of the six-hundred and forty-acre homestead act, under which the Department expects to develop a large number of small raisers of cattle; while the visitor next admitted may have come fortified to argue a question of pension legislation. From this matter the secretary will turn automatically to receive the report of a new deposit of manganese ore, the discovery of which will save the United States a large amount of tonnage with Brazil; and then give his attention to a citizen who desires to be heard upon the proposed water power bill. Alaska is not too remote to figure in the next appointment, for a railroad is under construction to the Arctic Circle, and three hundred miles of it are already completed. Or, if not Alaska, there is some question concerning the Government's great real estate transactions, for the Department disposes of twelve million acres of land annually.

Of course the program will vary from day to day. To such routine matters as patents, irrigation, national parks, mines, geological surveys and the other divisions were added, during the war, offensive and defensive experiments in gases and smokes, licensing of the sale of explosives, and the organization of the school children into the United States School Garden Army.

This latter work is one of the new activities of the Bureau of Education, which has placed twenty-five garden experts in the field and is enlisting five million children for garden service in the spring. Mr. Lane has found time to give much personal



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HON. FREDERICK H. GILLETT

Representative from Massachusetts, who recently received the Republican nomination for Speaker of the House

attention to this matter, since it represents his idea of a larger use of the schools in the future. The Bureau of Education is sending hundreds of thousands of new garden lesson leaflets into the schools of the nation, and is securing, with the

co-operation of state departments of education and local boards, the appointment of trained supervisors to carry the work thru the summer vacation period.

Secretary Lane gives virtually all of his time to his departmental work, very nearly establishing a record for sleeplessness equal to that of a certain well-known electrical wizard. He arrives at his office at nine in the morning and lunches there, usually with the person who has an appointment for that hour. In the afternoon he attends a meeting of the Cabinet, of the Council of National Defense, or continues his forenoon appointments, which, with his mail, contracts, and other public papers, which he handles with his secretary, occupy him until seven o'clock, when he goes home and to bed—but only for a quarter of an hour. He dresses for dinner, but 10.30 finds him in his study, where he remains until midnight or later, when he goes to bed with a light still burning, and a book of history or essays at hand. He allows himself from five to six hours of sleep.

His only exercise is an occasional horseback ride, but he is not opposed to the theory of sports. Born on a farm at Charlotte-town, Prince Edward Island, just at the close of the Civil War, he migrated with his parents, while a young child, to California, from whose university he was graduated in 1886; since when three institutions of learning have conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him. He was a newspaper editor and publisher in Tacoma, Washington; a successful lawyer in San Francisco, and a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission from 1903 to 1913, when he was appointed Secretary of the Interior.

His post-war creed may be summarized in these words, recently uttered: "We must expand our public school system until no boy or girl can pass thru it without having a sense of what America is, how it has been made, what its resources are, how its people live, what has been the evolution of its institutions, what its services have been to mankind; and no boy or girl should come out of our schools without knowing some trade. All private industries will become public utilities unless they have breathed into them a supreme sense of public service. All men will be slackers who are not at work—creative work. Out of the war we are to have new ideals in society, in which we will, I trust, give the highest premium to the man who can be of the greatest service."

*Still Waters
That Run Deep*

THERE is one Congressman in Washington who never split rails or plowed corn or peddled books, and who further defies tradition by admitting that he never underwent the ordeal of lean and hungry months of waiting for clients to appear that traditionally the young lawyer must experience. This is Frederick H. Gillett, who has been re-elected thirteen times to Congress from Massachusetts. Methodically and thoroly, as is his custom, he prepared himself for the practice of law and, admitted to the bar, immediately began to receive in satisfactory amount the emoluments of his profession. In the course of a couple of years he was appointed Assistant Attorney General of Massachusetts. Next he got himself elected for two terms to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and as chairman of the Judiciary Committee became the leader of that body. Then he was nominated for Congress, elected, and came to Washington to take his first oath as a member of the House of Representatives away back in 1893, coincidentally with the first appearance of Champ Clark in the limelight at the national capital. Times were bad then—very bad. The two great staples, wheat and cotton, were bringing less in the market than it cost to produce them, and the agricultural interests were clamoring for relief. The first silver fight was in progress over the question of unlimited coinage at approximately fifty cents on the dollar, and President Cleveland and Congress were at open war. There were giants in those days, and Mr. Gillett became the associate of many picturesque national characters who have passed on in the intervening years. Methodical as ever, he set his legally-trained mind to master the science of law-making, to assimilate legislative processes, and to absorb Congressional traditions. Always the reverse of the spectacular—calm in the midst of turmoil, of judicial temperament, with a habit of silence, a worker and thinker—he has gone on his chosen way unvexed and undis-

turbed by the periodic upheavals that cause legislative limelight lovers to rage and stamp and fill unending pages of the *Record* with their oratory. Mr. Gillett's appearance and acquirements suggest the judge that he might have become—for Roger Wolcott, while Governor of Massachusetts, offered him an appointment on the bench of the Supreme Court of the state. Once that had been the object of his ambition, but when the opportunity arrived he had grown to like his work in Washington too well to give it up. And now, after a quarter of a century



Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington

JOHN T. DOYLE
Secretary of the United States Civil Service Commission

of conscientious devotion to that work, he is being forced by circumstances out of his self-imposed silence and retirement into the view of the general public that previously has known of him only as a name. As leader of the Republicans during the illness of James R. Mann, he has been successful because he possessed the knowledge and the qualities of leadership requisite for the position. He showed a geniality and capacity for co-operation, and secured harmonious and united action among his followers with which he had not been credited before. He has recently received the Republican nomination for Speaker of the House, and is bound to be a commanding figure in Washington for some time to come.

*The Watch-dog of
Civil Service*

THE scope of activities of the Civil Service Commission includes work equivalent to that of a cabinet department, and the Commission has long been counted as a bulwark to protect the government from the upheavals incident to changes of administration and in maintaining a uniform degree of



HON. JOHN W. WEEKS
Retiring United States Senator from Massachusetts

efficiency. Upon the secretary devolves the task of handling the appointments for service. John Thomas Doyle, secretary of the Commission, was born in New York City and received his D. C. L. from George Washington University. As secretary of the Civil Service Commission since September 15, 1886, his work reaches back to the days when this department had to meet serious and formidable opposition. He is chairman of the Committee on Model Civil Service Law for States and Cities, and secretary-treasurer of the National Assembly of Civil Service Commissions, and has assisted in establishing the merit system in various cities of the United States. As a contributor on civil service topics to magazines and encyclopedias, he is an acknowledged authority.

*Retiring Senator
has Excellant Record*

IN the month of March, Honorable John W. Weeks will conclude his service as Senator from the State of Massachusetts. His leave-taking will be regretted by colleagues of all parties, appreciating that he retires from Congress with a splendid record of work and service.

In this connection, Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, recently said in the course of an eloquent address before the Middlesex Club of Boston:

I am more and more astounded at some of the things that happened in Massachusetts last November. You have been in the habit of speaking lightly of the stability of some of our western states. You have reproached us for ingratitude to faithful servants, and when you have wanted to put an anathema upon some political action in the Mississippi Valley, you have said, "Oh, what can you expect from Kansas, or Nebraska, or any other of those states?" Now, I have served under John Weeks for five years. I sat with him; I worked side by side with him during all that time; and for efficient, loyal, effective public service I never knew his superior. Now, I want to say that neither Kansas, nor Nebraska, nor any of those western states ever did as evil a thing, from a public standpoint, as you did to John Weeks here in Massachusetts. I am also glad that you still have a Republican Senator in the Senate of the United States, and in my humble opinion, distinguished as have been the services of Henry

Cabot Lodge, he has a yet greater work to do in the years that lie ahead than he has done in the years that are past. It is going to be necessary to have some one in Washington who has had the learning to know and the experience to feel that you are not going absolutely to change all the future of the world by affixing your signature to some document that half a dozen gentlemen will draw up at Versailles. It is wise for us to keep our feet on the earth during these coming years, and your senior Senator is as well qualified to bring that to pass as any one I know.

The following pastoral letter from his party associates is a worthy tribute, and will afford gratification to the friends and admirers of Senator Weeks:

Let us commune together. We have had time to reflect on the election and draw conclusions as to its significance. The people have declared their faith in us and have rebuked the leaders of the party now in power who tried to profiteer our sacrifices, have made it clear that there is no monopoly in love of country, that they regard no public servant as omniscient or entitled to exclusive patent rights on virtue, that there is room for honest difference as to the management of their affairs.

We fell behind in Massachusetts for reasons which it is not necessary to recite and which it is not necessary to forget. Both Massachusetts and the Nation suffer for what we did. Those who have served with Weeks in Washington, without regard to party, will always hold him in unqualified respect for his ability, his faithfulness, his fearlessness, and his fine sense of honor. Had he been re-elected he would have been of even larger usefulness than now. His striking down takes from the Senate a leader exceptionally well qualified to deal with pressing questions which affect our industries and imposes on our senior Senator a burden which we should not have let him bear. But Weeks will still be held in honor; he can still be relied upon for useful and unselfish service; his heart will not corrode with disappointment; his name will ever be a synonym for loyalty; he needs no public office to stimulate his duty to his country, his party, or his state.

For us Republicans the future is alive with promise. We shall have a Governor of unquestioned party fealty, who will give the State a sound, progressive, business administration. In Congress the Republicans will have control. Our delegation, by virtue of long service and ability, should wield great influence in the House. Our senior Senator, in whom we take just pride, will be the undisputed leader of the Senate. The State should, therefore, still exert an influence in national affairs commensurate with her importance and the high place which she has always held.

But while the future is alive with promise, it is alive with peril, too. For years the people have been fed on sophistries, so craftily contrived that multitudes have been beguiled to look on them as truths. The American spirit has been enveloped in a poisonous gas thru which our armies have been forced to fight their way to victory. The welfare of the nation has been made subordinate to Internationalism, which has a dangerously close relation to anarchy, class war and Bolshevism. It is for us to keep alive the fires of Nationality.

Already there are ominous signs. The red flag flies in some of our great cities, and treasonable speech goes unrebuked. With the return of peace we face industrial and class upheavals. Two million men and women will be thrown out of work or will be forced to change



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WALKER D. HINES
The new Director General of Railroads

their occupations, in many instances their homes. Two million men will be discharged from camps, for whom employment must be found. Industrial cities swiftly fashioned by the magic of the war will vanish like the fabric of a dream. The forces war lets loose need to be guided wisely with firm hands by those in high authority.

The future of the great American adventure in government by the people, thru their chosen representatives, is in the balance, yet at this very hour the one to whom we should be glad to look for guidance, neglectful of the duty next at hand, plans to desert his post in order to embark upon the most expensive advertising junket in the annals of all time.

Repudiated by the people, but still drunk with power, the party now in office, intent on squandering the billions wrung from the people by taxation and raised by patriotic loans, are scheming to perpetuate the government control of industries and all means of communication which they demanded as a war emergency. Men of sound thinking must assert themselves if they would save American ideals. We have entered on a time of restoration which should also be a time of national growth upon the firm foundations which the framers of the Constitution laid. Upon Republican supremacy depends our progress, both in material and in spiritual things.

Thanks to the verdict at the polls, industrial communities will have a say in the solution of the problems of the time. On the prosperity of these communities the future welfare of the people hangs, this prosperity in turn depends upon the firm establishment of principles which you have formulated in your Creed—time-honored principles by which the party has deserved and gained success and by which it must be led to further victories, if the United States is still to keep its independent place among the Nations of the world. These principles must not be undermined by treaties or by-laws.

You are a splendid body of Republicans, always loyal to the party and contributing unselfishly to its success, true to the faith, and first and last—Americans! You urged preparedness for war; you gave yourselves to its successful prosecution, and now that peace has come you ought to have a share in solving its tremendous problems. It is for men of vision and of sanity to point the way to better things, brushing aside delusions which have too far prevailed. The men who have been fighting overseas are coming home. Let them come home to an unspoiled America!

I ask you to read again the Middlesex Creed. Its force has not been weakened by events. It was good doctrine when it was adopted by the Club; it is good doctrine now. It is for us to spread its gospel. There can be no more propitious time.

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE, President.

*The Right Man
in the Right Place*

WALKER D. HINES, appointed director general of railroads by the President in January, assumes a position for which he is superlatively qualified by experience and training. He is, moreover, intimately in touch with existing conditions, having been assistant to Mr. McAdoo since the beginning of government control, and has a thoro knowledge of organization and administration of railroads under federal control, as well as of the fundamental problems involved in the railroad situation. Until he became a member of the Railroad Administration staff, the new director general was chairman of the Santa Fe system, and is one of the youngest railroad executives in the country. He was only thirty-one years of age when he became vice-president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in 1901. He is a native of Kentucky.

Leaving a position as court stenographer when he was sixteen years old, he returned to school and was graduated from Ogden College at Bowling Green. After serving as secretary to the assistant chief attorney of the Louisville & Nashville, he took up the study of law and was graduated from the University of Virginia. Then followed his progressive appointments as assistant attorney of the Louisville & Nashville, assistant chief attorney, and vice-president. In 1904 he resigned the latter position to practice law in Louisville, and two years later removed to New York. His election as general counsel of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe followed, and in 1908 he became chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors of that road. He continued his law practice until his election as chairman of the board of directors in 1916. Aside from his obvious qualifications for the position to which he has been appointed by the President, Mr. Hines is in full sympathy with the policies which have guided the Railroad Administration and with the views of the President on the railroad question. His tenure of office as Director General will depend upon the attitude of Congress toward future federal control of the railroads. There is evident among railroad officials a strong impression that Congress will oppose the proposed five-year

extension plan, and unless this plan is adopted, both Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Hines favor the early return of the roads to their owners. Mr. Hines inaugurated his administration with a statement expressing his belief that with the war ended, the government's duty was to render adequate transportation service at reasonable cost, and calling upon all railroad men to co-operate in accomplishing the task. When called before the Senate committee considering railroad legislation,



HUGH L. KERWIN
Assistant to the Secretary of Labor

he said that he would endeavor to show the disadvantage of government operation for a period of only twenty-one months after peace, and would urge the five-year extension plan, or an early return of the roads to their owners. No immediate changes in the personnel of the staff is proposed by Mr. Hines, who has no intention of disrupting the organization formed by Mr. McAdoo.

*Our Best Little
Conciliator*

ONE of the most important functions of the government relates to the activities of the Department of Labor, and upon Hugh L. Kerwin, assistant to the Secretary of Labor, devolves the task of handling the problems of the Conciliation Division of that department. Mr. Kerwin came to Washington to act as secretary to the Hon. William B. Wilson, then a member of the sixty-second Congress and holding the important position of chairman of the Committee on Labor.

"Hughie" Kerwin, as he is familiarly known to prominent Washingtonians, has won a host of friends by his courteous, unassuming and pleasing personality, and has materially aided many members of Congress on proposed legislation affecting the interests of working people by the fund of information which he is always ready to cheerfully impart.

A native of Tioga County, Pennsylvania, when he had finished with high school, he conceived his talents to lie in the field of business, and after attending a business college in Philadelphia and getting practical experience in various mercantile

establishments, he secured a position in the Tioga Savings and Trust Company. In 1902 he was elected county auditor. Then he became a newspaper correspondent, a calling which offers an invaluable training for young men about to enter government service.

When the Department of Labor was established, Mr. Wilson appointed Mr. Kerwin as his private secretary, which position he filled creditably until promoted to assistant. In his new field of activities one of the most important works of the government came under his direct supervision—that of the Division of Conciliation of the Department of Labor. The work of this division since it was established in 1914 had grown to such an extent as to make it impossible for Secretary Wilson to give it the close personal attention required, and in placing it under Mr. Kerwin a highly deserved honor was conferred. While this country was engaged in the war the Conciliation Division was a very busy place, for strikes and threatened strikes which would have greatly hindered work of necessity for the government required the close attention of this branch, and most of the details incident to the handling of this emergency came under the supervision of Mr. Kerwin, which brought him not only in close touch with the employers and employees, but also with the secretaries of War and Navy and with the White House staff.

In July Congress extended the work of mediation and created the United States Labor Adjustment Service, and Mr. Kerwin was appointed director. It may be of interest to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE to know that this division of the government adjusted over 2,200 industrial disputes during the nineteen months of our participation in the world's war, and that 3,700,000 workers were directly or indirectly affected in these controversies.

*Osage Indians
Visit the Capital*

A RECENT attraction at the Capitol grounds was the picturesque delegation of Osage Indians shaking hands with Speaker of the House Champ Clark. It was a most unique sight—Champ Clark being introduced to each Indian and calling him by name—altho some of the names are unpronounceable. Part of the delegation were in "full dress" and made a striking picture as they stood waiting to see "Big Man" Champ Clark.

The delegation was in the office of Senator Owen when asked to have their pictures taken in front of the Capitol. They all demurred, and one "big chief" said "Me no picture—never have picture." But when asked "Will you pose for a picture if Champ Clark is in the picture with you?" "Yes, Champ Clark big man," they responded and started for the door.

Everyone stopped to look at them, and a Boston girl who

had never seen an Indian before, followed them all over the grounds, with eyes as big as saucers.

When the Speaker was invited to come out and meet the Indians and pose for a picture with them, he asked, "What kind of Indians are they?"

"Osage," he was told.

A twinkle appeared in his eyes as he said, "The Osages are all right—I'll be glad to meet them."

This delegation of twelve Indians, some of them with their wives, were stopping at the historic old hotel—the National, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Since the picture was taken, several

others have arrived. They all come to see "The Great Father," as they call the Government, and to protest against the Peyote bill. One of the late arrivals is "Bacon Rind," who wears a large silver breastplate with his name on it. These Indians appeared before the Indian Committee of the Senate, and in speaking of them Senator Ashurst, chairman of the committee, said:

"The Osages are very intelligent, very dignified, and very progressive, as well as being the richest tribe of Indians in the world. They are here to fight the Peyote bill, as they feel that it invades their religious and personal liberties. They tell me that this Peyote is as necessary in their religious services as wine is in other churches, and that their ancestors have used it for a thousand years."

The Osage tribe has always been noted for its patriotism and love of country. During the war they subscribed for \$2,000,000 of Liberty bonds and about \$200,000 to the Red Cross. "Our boys are fighting for our country, too," said John Abbott, spokesman for the delegation. Congressman Tom D. McKeown, who was passing as the picture was about to be taken, was asked to join them, and was introduced to them all.

*French Senator
Who Remembers Lincoln*

AMONG pleasant memories of my recent trip abroad are those connected with Mr. Jules Siegfried, whom I met in Paris. This kindly old man entertains an unusual enthusiasm for America and Ameri-

cans, having visited this country in 1861, at which time he met and had personal talks with President Lincoln; he also visited America forty years later. His heart is set on again returning in 1921, the sixtieth anniversary of his first visit.

Born eighty-one years ago in Alsace, he came to France during the Franco-Prussian War. He has been a member of the French Senate and is at present a member of the Chamber of Deputies, representing Havre. He is an ardent champion of the return to France of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine as a part of the terms of peace.

To hear him tell of his impressions of the "Rail-Splitter" is



INA CLAIRE

Who plays the leading and title role in David Belasco's deservedly popular dramatic production, "Polly with a Past," a comedy by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. This is Miss Claire's first appearance in other than stellar musical roles

to gain for one the illuminating knowledge of the light in which Europe saw and seemed to understand our affairs during those days. Like so many of his race that I have known (General Charles Miller of Franklin, Pennsylvania, being a



JULES SIEGFRIED

notable example), M. Siegfried is vigorous of body and keen of mind, his years seeming to weigh lightly upon his mental and physical being.

*Follows Three Generations
of Senators*

EVER since the Rev. Theodorus Frelinghuysen began preaching to the Dutch Reformed congregations in the Raritan Valley, two hundred years ago, the family that he founded has been a recognized New Jersey institution, with a truly remarkable record of public service.

For over a quarter of a century the spiritual shepherd of the Raritan Valley led his flocks and was succeeded in the ministry by his son. Since then four generations of Frelinghuysens have sat in the Senate of the United States. One was a general under Washington in the Revolutionary War, one was a general in the War of 1812, one became the Whig nominee for vice-president with Henry Clay, and another was Secretary of State in President Arthur's cabinet.

In local, state, and national affairs, the Frelinghuysens have always been solidly aligned with the forces that conserved the public welfare; and, too, they have continued to hold commanding positions of public trust by virtue of the choice of the people whose rights they have so jealously safeguarded.

General John Frelinghuysen, son of the first Senator, brother of the second, and uncle of the third, was the grandfather of the present senatorial representative of the family, the Hon. Joseph Sherman Frelinghuysen, Republican United States Senator from New Jersey, who was born in Raritan in the year 1869, and who, before coming to Washington, served in the New Jersey Senate from 1905 to 1911, was president of that body for two terms, and acting Governor of the state *ad interim*.

The present Senator, while retaining the sturdy integrity and sterling characteristics of the Dutch race—as so strikingly exemplified in the life of Theodore Roosevelt—represents modern conceptions of public policies and forms of govern-

ment, and has been a central figure in the larger affairs of his native state for more than a dozen years.

Senator Frelinghuysen took his seat March 5, 1917, and contrary to precedent, which relegates new Senators to the background, immediately began to make his presence known and felt in the deliberations of the body of which he has become a well-known figure; and not merely well known, but widely recognized as a distinctive force for the upbuilding of constructive Americanism—the type of public servant now, if ever, most urgently needed for the guidance of national policies. He lent his support to every measure for the organization and maintenance of an adequate army and navy, and advocated and voted for all of the Administration bills aiming at the complete equipment of the nation for its crucial struggle against autocracy, and on more than one occasion took the floor to urge speedy action upon many of these measures.

Certain of the most notable services of Senator Frelinghuysen have grown out of his membership on the Committee of Military Affairs, for which his own military experiences qualified him. In the Cuban and Porto Rican campaigns during the Spanish-American War he served as an officer in a New York squadron and was recommended for promotion for conspicuous



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HON. JOSEPH SHERMAN FRELINGHUYSEN
United States Senator from New Jersey

service by the commanding general. He has been engaged in insurance underwriting during all of his markedly successful business career, and as the directing head of several large fire insurance companies his extensive business experience and sound business training have undoubtedly helped in his mastery of details in his work in the Senate, lent clarity to his vision and directness to his purpose. His is a practical rather than a theoretical brand of politics, an inheritance of generations of clear thinking and upright living.

Along the Italian Front

By THE EDITOR

THE proverbial sunny skies of Italy were obscured by a drizzling rain as I swept along by the canal in the red motor car which Major Fabbri of the Red Cross had provided. The air was cold and nipping. The lack of horses in Italy was in evidence all along the canal, for men were pulling the barges laden with war supplies. Arriving at Padua, the seat of the ancient Padua University, and the center of Venetian culture, we came to the headquarters of the Italian Army.

At Ristor's restaurant I listened to an illuminating narration by these men of the debacle at Caporetto, where the blood and sacrifice of two years was wiped out in a few hours. These men were thoroughly informed as to every detail involved in the reverse. Tho the worst blow in the history of the country, yet it had by some enchantment united the whole Italian people. They prophesied victory yet to come.

At the luncheon were served delicacies like calves' brains, pigs' feet, and broiled vertebrae (I am not strong on stewed spinal cord, but I know what it is). In the wall of the dining room was a destination dent made by one of Napoleon's guns.

Then we started on our way to Abano, where the headquarters of the Commando Supremo are located. My sole companion was a captain delegated by headquarters. As we passed thru the plains, on either side of the road were myriad stumps of mulberry trees, out of which the new shoots were springing. It is here that fagot gatherers come every year to cut off the new growth, using the shoots for fuel. Even these tiny twigs are of priceless value in a land where wood is almost revered. In the distance loomed the great mountains.

Our "red devil" motor car was driven with Detroit speed over roads, on either side of which were fields, dotted with reserve line trenches, barbed-wire, and machine-gun emplacements. Now and then we edged past long lines of troops coming from and going to the front. Sentinel after sentinel stopped us to see that magic paper.

As we came to the headquarters of General Diaz we found ourselves in front of an old hotel, which, before the war, was a sulphur spring resort. I can smell the water yet. His quarters were on the second floor. As I entered, General Diaz, sitting at a flat-topped desk, arose. The captain who acted as my escort snapped his heels and saluted, at the same time presenting me. The commander immediately extended his hand in the warmest sort of greeting. His cordiality and easy manner swept away every vestige of formality. On his desk every article was arranged with methodical precision. General Diaz looked the Commando Supremo. He wore the green khaki of the Italian army, and on his sleeve was a flock of stars in irregular shape.

A direct descendant of the lieutenant of Columbus who made the voyage of discovery with him, General Diaz has valorous blood in his veins. Under fifty, he is in his very prime. His rise to the head of the army has been spectacular. It was the promotion of merit. The devotion of his soldiers to him is Garibaldic. He almost knows them by name. Few commanders mix so easily and gracefully with their men. It is for this reason they love him.

Not alone for his personal qualities, but for his supreme genius as a tactician, does he command them. The genesis of success shown by recent operations was in his brain.

As I looked upon him I saw a man of medium stature with black hair pushed back pompadour. The thick mass was slightly streaked with gray. His face was bronzed by exposure and markedly wrinkled for so young a man, but it was handsome. In repose his features are far from stern, as is shown in current photographs. When his lips parted he looked more like an artist than a soldier. He comes from Naples, and could pass for a Grand Opera star. His was a delightful blend of strength and tenderness. And the moment he spoke—his voice was as sweet and mellow as a silver bell—I was won completely to him.

I extended greetings, to which he replied:

"I hope your visit will bring Italy closer to you. I shall welcome the day when I see American troops in Italy."



HARVEY CARROLL, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT VENICE, ITALY, INSPECTING THE TRENCHES AT CAPO SILE, ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

"America appreciates the great number of your countrymen who come to its shores," I began rather boldly.

"And we appreciate them more when they come back," he added quickly. "We hope the Americans will be as much better for being in Italy as Italians are for having been in America."

When I spoke of the refugee children, his liquid eyes softened, and rising and going to a table, he took up a book containing pictures, showing children in school rooms, and how Italy is

caring for the refugees. He presented the book to me, saying: "Doesn't that look like America?"

All our conversation was carried on thru an interpreter. The General frequently supplemented question and answer by his own comments, and we just kept on talking with our

We were on the plateau of the Asiago. In the villages, which dotted the landscape, not a civilian remained. Every piece of furniture in the houses was gone. Here where domestic tranquillity once reigned, and around doorsteps where happy children played, arose only gaunt and irregular walls, mutely protesting the ruthless scourge which had swept over it.

Behind and above this wide stretch of crumbling desolation, rose the Julian Alps, their white peaks crowned with snow, their ravines robed in purple, and their foothills bathed in a russet glow. They stood there in eloquent silence declaring that a people whose motives were as pure as the sifted snows, whose loyalty was as glorious as the blue garments they wore, and whose sacrifice was redder than their deepest tones, would some day find eternal foundations, and be lifted high in the light of heaven.

What a setting for the operations of the British and French, and later the American armies, who came to stand side by side with the Italian in stemming the red-death stalking unashamed thru the passes!

The rest of the way to the mountains lay along roads heavily camouflaged. Toward the enemy a green foliage matting stretched mile after mile, which, while not preventing the enemy from knowing the road's location, served to obscure the observation of troops passing to and fro, and eliminated sniping.

Reaching the Tyrolean Alps, we had a view of the little narrow gauge road from a different angle than that of the tourist. In our motor car we were actually among the scenes which the railroad only commands at a distance. More villages



MOUNT GRAPPA, WHERE THE ITALIAN ARMY HELD SO VALIANTLY AGAINST THE AUSTRIAN INVADERS

hands—forgetting the interpreter. When I suggested that he should come to America, he said: "Yes, after the war. Everything comes after the war."

As I timidly ventured to inquire, "How are things going at the front?" he raised his finger prophetically and said:

"*Sperta et verdi!*" ("Wait and see!")

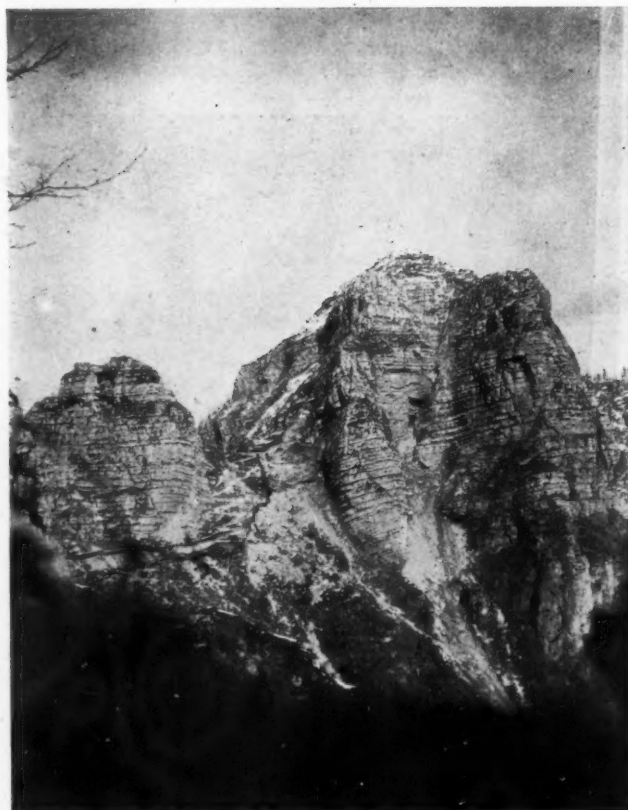
When I asked him for his photograph, he sent immediately for it. In autographing it, he dashed it off so quickly and well that his every movement indicated a man of literary cultivation. After speaking of America and Italy, over his name he wrote: "*Unione fedeli, fede vuna, energie agione* (Union with heart and soul, and one for energy and action) April 26, 1918."

As I started to go away, he arose, extended his hand and surprised me by saying in English, "Thank you very much." Not to be outdone in courtesy, I replied, "*Grazie*" (Thank you).

Then we returned to Padua where we found Major Fabbri, a native American, now in the service of the American Red Cross, and whose father was once partner in the J. Pierpont Morgan firm. From Padua we sent our luggage on to Verona, to make room in the automobile in which we were to travel, for the *lira* (money) which the Major was to distribute to the mayors and padres in every small community, for relief among the refugees. Here we were joined by a father and son. The father was a captain and the son a lieutenant in the Italian army. The soldier-family had been separated by the exigencies of service in different fields. Long shall I carry in my heart the picture of that father and son in the joy of their reunion. During the entire trip their exchange of experiences was accompanied by the most fervent affection for each other.

It was biting cold and the lieutenant handed me an overcoat. It had service stars on the collar and sleeve. When the lieutenant saw the soldiers along the way saluting me, he suggested that it would be better to take the stars off, which was done. Yet for a while I passed as an Italian army officer.

Major Fabbri had provided rations for the journey. Forward again flashed the red "Fiat." The chauffeur was a dare-devil. We swept past village after village, their campaniles standing out like passing milestones. On the road military activities were more and more in evidence. At one place we encountered a herd of cows,—and they acted as cows always do. After our delay we were on again, and did not pause until we reached Thiene, where the British headquarters are located.



THE MOUNT OF THE REDEEMER
Here, in the heights of the Julian Alps, the Italians maintained their eyrie in trenches for three long, weary years of war

were encountered, the dwellings in each fearfully demolished. When I remarked upon the desolation, my lieutenant companion said: "Wait until you get to my town."

And when we finally reached it, what terrible destruction

had been wrought. Not a building escaped. The Austrians were good gunners, having picked out the houses and potted them, one by one. Only a few straggling soldiers furnished any semblance of life.

Some incidents in any journey stand out with greater vividness than others. For me now is to describe in broken words the climacteric experience of my life.

No array of sentences can picture the journey from the plains of Piave to Mount Grappa. The distance is no less than a hundred miles, and it was made in a single day.

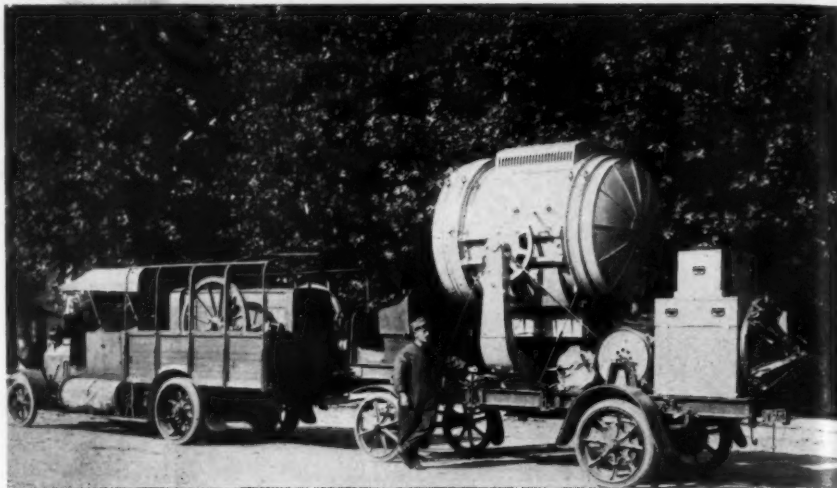
We stopped at the village of Piovene, and my lieutenant companion said, "Are you game?" Not knowing all it meant, I assented. I had not come over seas and continents to count hazards.

I soon learned that he referred to the Telliferico, a little aerial railroad which runs up six thousand feet to the highest peak. The car or wire basket which furnishes accommodation for two persons is attached to an overhead cable—one car goes up and the other comes down, both gravity and power being used. In the car one must lie down. In these little baskets the guns and munitions were carried up, and the wounded brought down.

For fully thirty minutes we lay in the car going up the Telliferico six thousand feet. No sounds, save the clicking ratchet of the cable wheels overhead, and our voices, were heard, and we seldom disturbed the silence, for with peak after peak passing in view, deep caverns yawning, and stretching Alpine vistas as far as the eye could reach, it was no time for words. We were holding our breath. Far below and underneath curved in and out between the ranges the Astico River, its bluest of blue waters, flecked by white foam, showing the tumult of its soul. Reaching the top, we left the Telliferico and landed knee-deep in mud.

And from here up these barracks multiply fast. By the time I had finally reached the top I was full up, so it seemed of coffee. I never drank so much coffee before and I never expect to again. But I was grateful that Nature provided me liberally with the capacity of being sociable.

From Telliferico station to the trenches on Mount Verena is one thousand feet, and the only way to reach the latter is up a road which winds round and round like the stair treads in the Washington monument. Every step of the way must be on



ONE OF THE POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS USED TO SWEEP AUSTRIAN POSITIONS ALONG THE MOUNTAINOUS FRONT

foot, and with my normal weight and the additional burden of coffee, I am not surprised that my lieutenant companion frequently asked:

"Do you think you can make it?" or "How's your heart?"

I replied, "My heart is all right, but my stomach is in the way."

Every step now was thru snow and slush and mud. My feet were soaked, my clothing smeared, and my gloves looked as if I had been in a sewer main. Every now and then we stopped for a breathing spell. At one of these was a scene that haunts me even now.

There on a comparatively flat ledge were numberless white crosses. It was a cemetery of the soldier-dead. Here those who had fallen by their guns in the first great push had been laid to rest, close up to heaven's blue walls where they died, and from which their spirits easily mounted to the peace plains of the Eternal City. There slept their sacred dust, under the white blanket of the snow, with not so much as a large-eyed daisy to look down tearfully upon them. Yet they climbed the altar stairs to glory, and their memory will remain with the enduring Alps.

At another stop my companion pointed to a distant peak, saying, "I spent six months in the little barracks at that point in an observation post, and during that time never once left it."

It was in that post, during the early stages of the war, that an Italian commander, Austrian born, was captured by the enemy and shot.

On and on we climbed. It would rain, then sleet, then snow, all the while the ascent becoming more and more difficult.

But the stops were many, and again as at the other barracks the officer took us in, and gave us more coffee.

Finally we reached the headquarters of the commander. He proved to be Major Effisio Toulou, who wore a monocle. The barracks were built into the side of the mountain, and contained quite a few rooms, many of them papered with actresses' pictures and cartoons. They

(Continued on page 60)



AMERICAN RED CROSS OFFICERS

With Italian soldiers at an Italian Red Cross post just behind the lines, from which the American Red Cross ambulances were sent out

On the trails, above mules were footing their way slowly upwards, bearing their precious burden of supplies. Along the trail wherever the curve permitted, gun emplacements had been cut in the solid mountains.

At the barracks we were received by the officer in charge who invited us in for coffee. It is the custom farther up to stop at all the barracks and take coffee with the officers.

"Mopping Up" After Mars

The Follow-up Work of the National War Garden Commission



WHEN Marshal Joffre was made an Immortal of the French Academy he declared: "It was not I; it was the *poilu* who won the battle of the Marne." Similarly in the world's other contests for good, it is the individuals who make victory possible. It was by the loyal co-operation of the millions of Americans that this country was able to throw itself with such tremendous force into the war at a time when that strength could make itself most felt.

Other victories remain to be won. The "mopping up" process has just begun and the work of reconstruction brings with it problems as vast and as important in many ways as the war itself. There is much to be cleaned up after the wave of destruction which has passed. If this is not done thoroly and properly, much will be lost of the fruits of victory.

Among the questions that now must be solved, the greatest, undoubtedly, is that of world food supply. It is not only the biggest of the many problems to be worked out, it is also of first importance. It is of elemental significance and upon it as a solid foundation all the rest of the world's progress and advancement depends. So great is this subject that it really constitutes another war. It is the war after the war. One war, that of steel against steel, has been won; the world war for food is now on. The peoples of the globe are now fighting the giant enemy—Hunger. He must be overcome and crushed, or with his destructive attendants, Pestilence and Panic, he will bring wrack and ruin to the nations, compared with which that of German militarism will be small.

Every individual in the United States is called on to shoulder arms in a vast voluntary army and march forth against this present enemy. By their united efforts the people of the United States, thanks to the fact that there are so many millions of them, can win another victory which will win the lasting gratitude and plaudits of mankind.

It is certain that every man, woman, and child in the United States, who is worthy of the name American, wants to share in the harvest of victory. The opportunity for such service is right at hand. The initials which designate membership in this new army are V. G. They stand for "Victory Gardener." The hoe and the rake are the implements needed to fight the new enemy—Hunger. The place for action is in the back yard or on some vacant lot which can be cultivated and made to produce food. The call to this new service has gone forth. It has been echoed from the starving nations of Europe where millions of poor people, who as yet have found

no means of support, are in dire need of the bare necessities of life. The call to raise food comes in heart-rending tones from the little children of Armenia, from the sad-faced peasants of Serbia and Poland and northern France and Belgium. To America, great America, with its vast resources and possibilities of production, with its millions of strong, generous, able-bodied men and women, comes the appeal to raise food—more food—in order that life may be saved and that men, women and children may be fed.

To this cry the people of the United States have shown their determination to respond. The spirit of the brave men who gave their lives at Chateau Thierry, at St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne, urge them on to greater and greater efforts, until the day, when, once more, there will be plenty, and peace and prosperity shall reign supreme over a happy world.

"We will raise the food that Europe needs" is the substance of the answer which comes from all parts of this great nation. In this great work the home food producers are going to have a big share. They realize the importance and the value of their services. The war gardeners of 1917 and 1918 will become the "victory gardeners" of 1919. They have not laid aside their shovels and their hoes, but have polished them again this spring and are out in the furrows of freedom to help win the world food war. The National War Garden Commission, whose count showed there were more than five million war gardeners last year, believes there will be more victory gardeners this year. This belief it bases on reports from cities and towns all over the United States, showing that plans were made early and local campaigns conducted to stir up interest in this important subject. The Commission which has carried on an intensive and nation-wide campaign during the past two years in favor of "city farming," is more active than ever this year, and has called on the American people to break the wonderful record they made last year and to plant ten million victory gardens in 1919.

All that is necessary to accomplish this, says the Commission,

is the determination. There are some cities, towns, and villages thruout the country, it is pointed out, where it might be next to impossible to plant more gardens than were grown last year, when all the "slacker land" was put to work; but it is believed that in many places there will be found some back yards, some vacant lots, some idle pieces of land which escaped from the service they should have been performing last year, and which should be included in the "Victory Garden Draft" of 1919.

Take Marion, Indiana, the

According to the National War Garden Commission, this Indiana gardener has between \$150 and \$200 worth of produce, and expects to double this in his 1919 Victory Garden. Mrs. Wolski put up more than two hundred quarts of vegetables for winter. The Steel Company has planned for bigger co-operative gardening this year, when the need for food will be greater than ever.

VICTORIOUS WAR GARDENS

The American flag has meant food to Belgium and to other hungry peoples. This proud war gardener is Walter Wolski, an employee of the Inland Steel Company, South Chicago. Mr. Wolski had the prize garden among the employees of the plant; in fact, he cultivated two plots.



record city in the United States for its size in the number of war gardens in proportion to population. Let other cities make it a model to strive for. That town with a population of 27,500 had 14,081 war gardens. This was one garden



LOOK WHAT TRENTON DID!

Ho! Victory Gardeners of the United States, here is a sample of the way in which the home food producers of Trenton, New Jersey, under the inspiration of the Food Garden Commission, have turned vacant land into fine gardens. This is the work that is helping to drive the new enemy, General Hunger, from the world

for every two persons living there. There were 5,472 home gardens and 8,609 vacant lot gardens according to the report at the end of the season from Louis F. DeWolf, secretary of the War Garden Association of Marion, to the National War Garden Commission. They are going in for victory gardening and are anxious to hear from any other city, which thinks it can break the record made there.

Even if no one outside the confines of a city were to benefit by home gardening, such effort would amply repay every bit of energy put forth to arouse interest in the work. Many good reasons might be mentioned as to why both the individual and the community will be rewarded for whatever they do in the way of home food production. As to the individual, he gains in health, wealth, and happiness. Gardening is the best sort of exercise. It saves much of the family market bills. It creates excellent habits of thrift and economy. It brings enjoyment in the way of fresh, crisp food. It is of distinct educational value. But, above all, is the satisfaction the "city farmer" gains in knowing that he is performing a worthy service, that he is a benefactor of mankind, and that while he is helping himself in a number of ways, he is also contributing to the support and the feeding of poor, unprotected, helpless people abroad who cannot maintain themselves. Many gains

IN THE FURROWS OF FREEDOM

Here are some of the home food producers of Norwich, Connecticut, in the garden trenches. The World War for Food is being won by such patriotic and determined work. Victory Gardeners all over the United States are out after Enemy Hunger with rake and spade



lasting affair, even after the pressing need for it has passed. Those who helped so patriotically in the war garden campaign last year are vigorously backing the victory garden campaign this year. Those who planted gardens are out again in their back yards and on the vacant lots helping to raise the food needed to beat General Hunger. Among those who took

USING THE "SLACKER" LAND

They did not let any of the back yards and vacant lots go to waste in Salt Lake City. They had 8,000 war gardens in 1918 and raised \$750,000 worth of food, according to the report to the National War Garden Commission. This is Miss Hoops and some of her fine garden crops



come also to the city as a result of widespread garden activity. Reports from many cities last year show that they added anywhere from \$200,000 to more than \$2,000,000 to their resources and wealth as a result of home food production. It is not only

a most active part in the garden work last year were the employees of hundreds of manufacturing concerns and of railroads. These men are being encouraged and assisted again this year to plant gardens. The United States Railroad Administration is co-operating with the National War Garden Commission in spreading the message of "Food F. O. B. the Kitchen Door" along all the lines under its control. Thru J. L. Edwards, director of the agricultural section of the railroad administration, an appeal was sent out to all regional directors and other officials, calling on them to urge in whatever way they could, the cultivation, by the employees, of all the vacant land along the rights-of-way of the railroads. These officials responded promptly and loyally to this call, so that while there was much done last year in the way of food production by railroad men, it is believed they will accomplish even more this year—that there will be more of them engaged in this work, and that they will, as a result of previous experience, have better results.

Here are several typical replies from the railroad officials to the appeal sent to them by Mr. Edwards. Says Alexander Jackson, agricultural agent of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific lines: "We feel that the war garden is a permanent fixture in practically all parts of our territory where gardening is possible." C. L. Hoffman, agricultural agent of the New York, Ontario & Western, replied as follows: "I assure you that I shall do all in my power to have the co-operation of all the officials of our roads in an endeavor to increase the victory gardens of 1919 over the war gardens of 1918."

In a call sent out to the Christian Endeavor Societies of the United States, Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, president of the organization, said in part: "Remember that a multitude of people and some whole nations are still starving. Remember that they must depend, at least for a year to come, very largely on what Americans can do to feed them. It will be impossible for these devastated countries at once to restore their farms and gardens and produce enough food for their poverty-stricken people. You responded splendidly to the first call of the National War Garden Commission. Hundreds of thousands of you planted gardens and set yourselves seriously at work

GARDENS FROM AN AEROPLANE

Like an immense checkerboard—that's what this group of seventy-eight gardens, planted by employees of the Indiana Piston Ring Company and the Teetor Hartley Motor Corporation at Hagerstown, Indiana, looked like to a speeding flier. There was another plot containing sixty gardens nearby.



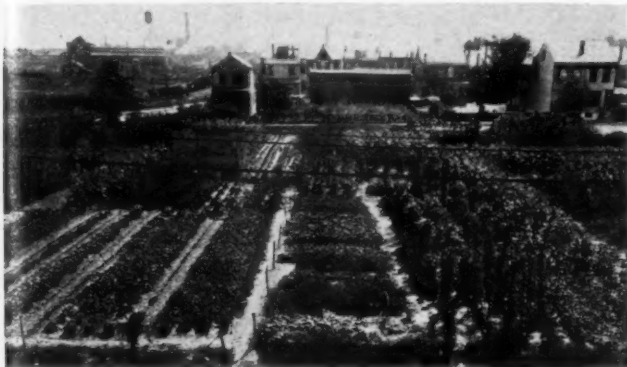
gardening in 1918. This meant twenty-five million gallons of water a day to the irrigation of gardens. Of the fourteen thousand school children who registered for garden work, more than ten thousand kept to their pledges, and not five per cent of these failed to make good. Of the thousands of housewives who learned to put up the products of their gardens, few there

were but found more than enough on hand to hold over their families for the winter." This report from the Colorado city to the National War Garden Commission, similar to hundreds of others received, shows the great value from a monetary point of view, as well as in many other ways of home gardening.

The "city farmers" of the United States are a determined lot. They are out this year to "carry on" and follow up the victories the American soldiers won in France by winning the food war in their victory gardens.

"WE'RE PROUD OF OUR GARDENS"

That's what they said in Trenton, New Jersey. And, no wonder, for is not this group of community gardens a sight for sore eyes? This was formerly an old weed-covered and ash-strewn lot. Wonder if the value of real estate in that locality has not boomed, also?



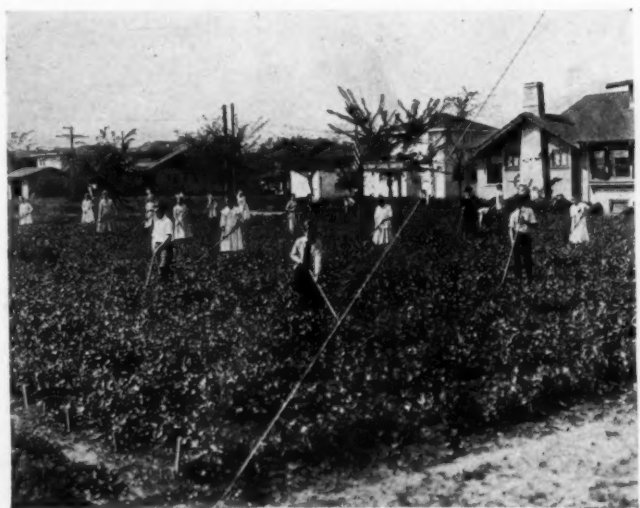
to can and dry fruits and vegetables which otherwise would have gone to waste, while millions of you denied yourselves not only luxuries, but some seeming necessities of life that others might have more. But do not let past efforts be the enemy of future endeavor. The need of 1919 will be as great as it was in 1918. Let us plant our war gardens (victory gardens now), and enlarge them over last year. Let us put our heart as well as muscle into them. Let us remember that every furrow made by the plow, every thrust of spade or hoe, every pound of food saved or preserved, may do something to help feed the hungry ones, tho they may live far across the sea."

This call, along with others being made to their members by various bodies and associations, are resulting in renewed and increased effort this year to help solve, thru home gardening, the great food problem which is now of such paramount importance thruout the world. Local committees made plans early, and reports show that the victory gardeners everywhere are out in force to help win the world war for food.

"Denver saved more than three million dollars on her vegetable bills of 1918 by cultivating war gardens. Denver people gained in health, strength and knowledge during the process. Denver children and adults as well learned lessons of prime value while tilling the soil. War gardening—so called—will be continued in 1919, and, it is to be hoped, forever thereafter,

YOUNG CALIFORNIA GARDENERS

The Highland Park School Garden of Sacramento was a profitable venture from a money standpoint as well as in other ways. At the California State Fair the Club carried off the Gold Medal Garden Prize, while it won the first prize and a special gold medal at the Oakland Land Show.



office, and implanting in their minds a love of the outdoors and a knowledge of what a back yard may produce. And, too, the lessons which have been learned under stimulus of wartimes, promise even greater results in the years of peace to come.

Her Victory Garden

by William Edward Ross

'T WAS just a small war garden at the start,
Each seed-child nurtured in a woman's heart;
And, when death loomed, because of dearth of rain,
Her tears gave life—tears she could not refrain.

Tho others lolled in easy chairs, and shirked,
She put herself into her task, and worked;
And now that you've come back again, her joy
Lies in the fact she did her part, my boy.

What if her hands are sadly grimed and worn?
Far better that than that her heart were torn,
Because she failed to do her part as well,
While you, in that vast "over there," faced hell.

The war is over—over not her work—
A grinning specter slinks from out the murk,
And, with a leer, is hurtling toward the grave
Those war-stressed souls our own sons died to save.

The garden plots of war ruled yesterday,
But now our Victory Gardens must hold sway
That millions starving may know fear's surcease
And learn that love's the harbinger of peace.



THEY HELPED TO "CAN THE KAISER"

Now that the patriotic war gardeners of the Inland Steel Company, South Chicago, have done their part in winning the war, they intend to go in strong for "Victory Gardens" in 1919, and will plant more and bigger gardens this year, according to a report to the National War Garden Commission of Washington. In 1918 they supplied vegetables regularly to the South Chicago Day Nursery and to several needy families. This is a sample of the way in which employees of hundreds of industrial and manufacturing concerns throughout the United States are working so that Uncle Sam may keep the food coming to feed the hungry millions of Europe and Asia.

Toledo's Old Shoe Campaign ✓

QUENE of the most novel, and at the same time most practical, forms of war relief work that has come to our attention is the campaign conducted in Toledo, Ohio, for the collection and shipment of old shoes to the needy French and Belgian refugees.

Ever since the first pitiful crowd of weary, travel-stained, terrified old men, women and children were pushed ahead of the advancing Hun army in its ravaging progress thru Belgium, one of the most evident and pressing needs for the relief of the helpless refugees has been shoes. Food and shelter first—then shoes—and where so many thousands of aching feet have traveled the anguished road of exile, it is no wonder that one of the most perplexing problems of the various refugee relief headquarters in France and Belgium has been how to make two pairs of shoes grow where but one grew before. For not only were the shoes in which the poor wandering feet turned reluctantly from their own loved firesides soon worn out, but a supply of new shoes to take their place was quite impossible, not for lack of finances alone, but because of the absolute dearth of leather soon brought about by the demands for shoes

to the great outpouring of American pity and generosity. Shelter has been found for them in cellars, garrets, empty warehouses—even churches and schools. The clothes they wore, supplemented by crude garments fashioned by thousands of American women from American-made cloth, have sufficed to meet their actual needs. But shoes were another matter, and it was the knowledge of the almost entire lack of serviceable footwear among the refugees that moved the originators of Toledo's old shoe campaign to their humane enterprise.

This campaign was inaugurated and carried to its successful conclusion by Messrs. Mulholland and Hartmann, prominent attorneys of Toledo, to whom great credit is due for the initiative and perseverance they displayed in carrying thru the project in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties.

Something like a year earlier than the actual launching of the campaign, Mr. Hartmann had endeavored to interest the citizens of Toledo in the idea, but was forced to abandon the undertaking for the time being, owing to the fact that the Red Cross, while anxious to have the shoes, did not have the cargo space in which to ship them across the Atlantic.



PILE OF SHOES IN FRONT OF A TOLEDO FIRE STATION

Firemen, business men, women, Boy Scouts, in fact the whole populace, did their willing part to make the Old Shoe Campaign a glorious success

and leather equipment for the soldiers. Almost invariably the refugees arrived at their first relief station with no more than the pair of shoes they wore upon their feet. They might be, and often were, carrying bird cages (sometimes empty), or tall wooden clocks, or pictures of the saints, in their tired arms, but seldom an extra pair of shoes. French or Belgian peasants seldom own more than one pair of shoes, which are cherished for dress-up occasions, while wooden sabots are worn for every day.

It has been possible always to provide food enough of some sort for the refugees to ward off starvation, thanks very largely

A few months later, when Mr. Mulholland was in France, he saw the evident need there was for shoes for the refugees, and held a consultation with Miss Alice C. Archibald, the director of the Metropolitan Canteen System of Paris, who agreed to try to work out some method of getting the shoes to France if the originators of the idea would proceed with their collection.

Later, in the course of the correspondence that ensued between Mr. Hartmann and Miss Archibald, in relation to the matter under consideration, Miss Archibald wrote that "Shoes

are the most needed things in France at the present moment," and that she had written to her cousin in Philadelphia, Mr. Archibald H. Ehle, assistant sales manager of the Baldwin Locomotive Company, suggesting that the shoes should be packed and shipped with some of the Baldwin locomotives going over to France. The result was that thru correspondence with Mr. Ehle, the Baldwin Locomotive Company obtained the consent of the Government to ship the shoes with the locomotives.

Having thus arranged the matter of shipment, Mr. Hartmann called a meeting of representatives of various organizations and the newspaper men of Toledo, and he and Mr. Mulholland

laden before noon. The firemen at the various stations then sorted the shoes, separating them into different piles containing men's, women's or children's shoes, after which they were all



A RED CROSS RELIEF STATION IN FRANCE

Photograph taken by Frank L. Mulholland, showing war sufferers receiving shoes and clothing. Owing to the shortage, no leather could be purchased in France or Belgium. Moccasins were all the children had to wear on their feet thruout the winter

laid the plan before them, meeting with enthusiastic commendation of their ideas. At this meeting a definite date was fixed for the day upon which the collection would be made.

Toledo is divided into sixteen wards, these, in turn, being divided into election precincts, there being two hundred and sixty-four precincts in the city. A captain was elected for each ward and arrangements made to have from two to four automobiles operate in each precinct, with two or three Boy Scouts accompanying each automobile.

The newspapers furnished the necessary publicity, and at eight o'clock on the appointed morning the automobiles were met by the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts at the fire stations in each ward. The plan of collection outlined in the newspapers directed the people who wished to contribute shoes to gather them up, clean them, tie each pair together and put them on the front porch or some other convenient place on the morning of collection day. The Boy Scouts had horns with which to herald their approach.

About eight hundred automobiles started from the fire stations at eight o'clock, and most of them returned heavily



MISS ALICE ARCHIBALD
Director of the Metropolitan Canteen System of Paris

again carefully sorted and examined, so that only wearable shoes were finally packed for shipment.

The campaign aroused so much interest that boxes of shoes were sent in from quite a number of the small surrounding towns, and several of the more liberal citizens of Toledo contributed new shoes. One good Rotarian friend of Mr. Hartmann bought two cases of new shoes and sent them to the committee. In all, more than thirty thousand pairs were collected, of which approximately twenty-eight thousand pairs were found to be wearable. These were packed in two hundred and seventy-one boxes and shipped by freight to the Eddystone plant of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, where they were taken charge of by Mr. Ehle and a representative of the French Relief Committee of Philadelphia and transported to France.

The result of Toledo's old shoe campaign greatly exceeded the expectations of everyone connected with the undertaking, and it proved to be a remarkable affair in many ways. Men, women, boys and girls, all displayed great interest and enthusiasm and worked hard and unselfishly in collecting, sorting, and packing the shoes; the collection itself was made in a surprisingly short space of time considering the total number of miles of city streets covered; and the number of pairs of serviceable shoes actually shipped to France for the relief of the destitute refugees was much greater than the most sanguine hopes of the authors of the project had visioned.

All of the final assorting, packing and getting ready for shipment was done by the city firemen, and the Toledo Automobile Dealers Association transported the boxes of shoes to the freight station.

Dalmatia

Her Affinity with the Other Yugoslav Countries and Her Claims

By GEORGE TRAZIVUK

Inspector, Louisiana State Board of Agriculture and Immigration



HY should we worry about Dalmatia? Is she a derelict orphan who has lost her father and mother, and is in need of a tutorship, or has she two mothers who claim maternity?

Some people believe that Dalmatia has not her own nationality, nor her own history, nor her unity of religion, nor her own language, traditions and aspirations, nor her literature and arts, nor her monuments, etc. As an example of the case, I would incidentally mention, among a hundred others, the following fact: *La Dalmazia Monumentale* recently issued a book, an elegant edition by Alfieri and Lacroix, Milan, Italy, reproducing on page 174, table XC, a picture of the church of San Biagio di Ragusa, as a model of Venetian sculpture and architecture. On the same square, there is an old monument not mentioned at all by the authors of the said book. Well, I will assist them. This monument was erected by the Slav patriots to the memory of their compatriot, Ivan Gundulic, who lived in seventeenth century, and whose literary work and particularly his lyric dramas, "Arianna," "Proserpina," "Dubravka," "Osman II" and others, put him in the ranks of the greatest Slav poets and patriots.

There are some other people who consider Dalmatia as a fraction of the Italian kingdom by virtue of her past dependency on the Roman Empire and Venetian republic. Apart from all other considerations, it is obvious to mention that these nations, tho today extinct, ruled over Dalmatia as conquerors in the same way as before them and after them had ruled the Byzantine Empire, Ottoman Empire, and others, and if such rights could be claimed today, London, Paris and Rome would belong no more to their respective governments.

As a climax of their false presumptions, some of them today have even gone so far with their propaganda as to abandon the sweet name of "Italian Unity," of which Victor Emanuel I (called by whole nation *Re Galantuomo*) was so proud, and come forth with the name of "Roman League," and probably later will come with "Byzantine League" or "Venetian League," as suit them better.

The honor of such title that the Italian people conferred on King Emanuel originated from the fact that he had kept his word in uniting all Italy, then divided in small feudal and tributary kingdoms, in a great nation.

Had ever Dalmatia been called to participate in this Union? But this business does not concern her at all, and we pass over. As a matter of fact, the Dalmatian people preserved thru the centuries their own race, religion and customs, and if they are separated from the other Yugoslav brothers it is for political reasons too obvious to mention. To interfere today in their union would be unpatriotic and unjust.

Among the other presumptions that the enemies of the Yugoslav union bring forth, I will mention a few more, of a special character. (1) They say: "Dalmatia with her isles and channels constitutes a permanent menace to the eastern coast of Italy along the Adriatic Sea to the Gulf of Otranto, and consequently this menace ought to be eliminated by annexing these isles and channels to Italy to the detriment of their natural and real possessor." In this case I would say shortly and flatly that the law of nations is something more sacred than any political consideration. (2) They believe that Italy today can claim another *Irredenta*, that is, *Dalmatia Irredenta* for the reason that down there in that beautiful and picturesque valley exist many Roman monuments and churches and

EDITOR'S NOTE.—On account of the war, countries and peoples formerly but a name in the geographies, insofar as actual knowledge was concerned, have taken on separate entities and individual characteristics—in other words, become known to us as possessing like racial and national purposes as ourselves. The tenth article in President Wilson's terms of peace calls attention to the oppressed people of Austria-Hungary, and demands the freest opportunity for their autonomous development. In April a Congress of Oppressed Races of Austria-Hungary was held in Rome, at which time this government extended sympathy for their cause.

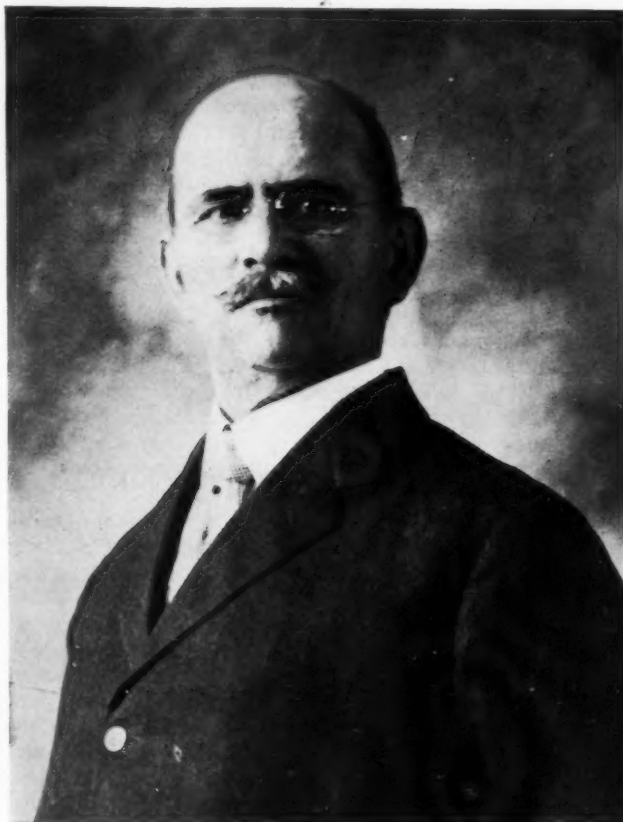
Mr. Trazivuk's article was written to convey correct information on a subject lately brought up for discussion—discussion calculated to breed dissension, and inspired, undoubtedly, by German propaganda.

particularly in Salona and Spalato where the Emperor Diocletian built in 300 A.D. beautiful palaces, of which remain today only the traces of their past splendor. What, then, would they say about many mosques erected by the Moors, Arabs and Mahomedans in Italy, Spain and other European countries during their invasion?

In order to suppress all these seditious rumors and publications

which have been put in circulation by irresponsible persons, and in order to give a clear and concise idea upon this subject, we will show the true history of Dalmatia, her affinity with the Croatia, Slavonia, and other Yugoslav countries and Balkan states. This history will teach us that Dalmatia is one of the main arteries of the great Yugoslav nation, with a glorious past, that she has her traditions and aspirations, her monuments, her literature and arts, and above all, her indisputed right to breathe and live under her national unity with the other Yugoslav countries.

And after this true, loyal and sincere demonstration, we hope that every Italian patriot who is not prompted by a personal and fanatical purpose, will fully recognize these rights, which



GEORGE TRAZIVUK

Founder of the 4th of July Yugoslav celebration in New Orleans

neither time nor force can destroy, and will leave the Yugoslav nation to build a bridge, not a wall, between them and Italy.

In the old-time Dalmatia, as all other Slav countries, has been populated by the people of her own race, that is, Slav.

The Slavs immigrated from the Urals about 180 B. C. and settled in different corners of southern Europe. So we find them in Serbia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia, Dalmatia, Montenegro and other Balkan and Slavic states.

Dalmatia, in 150 B. C., was a very prosperous country, and soon attracted the avidity of Roman emperors, who succeeded in subjugating her. After having been under different masters, finally, about the seventh century of the Christian era, the Slav element predominated, and Dalmatia passed under the domination of Croatian kings and princes (Bans).

In the tenth century Dalmatia was conquered by the Venetian republic, but after a long struggle between these two nations, and thru the help of Hungary, this last took full possession of



Dalmatia in the beginning of the eleventh century. From this date started the long period of struggle for the supremacy of Dalmatia between the Venetian republic and Hungary, with the result that the Venetian authority was again restored in Dalmatia until the treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, when Dalmatia was formally incorporated in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

With the exception of the Napoleonic wars, 1805-1814, Dalmatia continued up to the present time under the Austrian sovereignty, tho the population in some districts were extremely hostile to their ruler.

In 1860 a revolution broke out in southern Dalmatia, caused by a compulsory military service imposed on its population. Further bloodshed was averted only by the wise determination of Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria, to annul the decree of conscription.

The population of Dalmatia, according to the last statistics, scarcely amounted to one million of souls. Fully ninety-seven per cent of the inhabitants belong to the Slav nationality of Serbo-Croatian race, the balance are of Italian, Rumanian and Albanian race. The prevailing religion in Dalmatia is Roman Catholic, of which no fewer than eighty per cent of the entire population are adherent. The Greek Church claims almost all the rest. These Slav people formerly were also called Morlacks by Italians and Vlachs by Hungarians, decidedly not in sympathy with the Slav element, but these nicknames long ago disappeared, giving the place to a newly-born definition, "Jugoslav." The definition "Jugoslav" may appear somewhat vague and uncertain on account of their affiliation with the other people of their race subject to some foreign sovereignties not always in sympathy with the Slavs. On account of their political and geographical situation with the rest of the South Slav race, including Russian, Galician, Czechs and Slovaks. "Jugoslav" or "Southslav" means only those Slavs who inhabit a continuous stretch of territory from the Istrian shores to the Drina, embracing the following Slav provinces: Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, Novi Bazar, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and of the neighboring states of Serbia and Montenegro, to which can be added, as a part of their national unity, Carniola, Gorizia, Istria Banat and the northern portion of Macedonia with a total population of thirteen millions of inhabitants. (See the map.) This is exactly the limit and size of the "Jugoslavia," which is today in the way of formation. Among the

best contemporary historians who explain this fact we can mention Dr. H. Hinkovic, a distinguished jurist and a member of the Croatian Diet and delegate to the Hungarian Parliament, who wrote a remarkable work in reference to this question. We can read in his pamphlet, "The Yugoslav Problem," the following passage: "The Yugoslavs are the Southern Slavs. 'Jug' is the word for 'south' in the Slavic language. In history the Yugoslavs appear under three names, Croats, Serbs and Slovenes. But these are not three different nationalities. They spring from the same stock, speak the same language, inhabit a continuous territory, have identical customs and, above all, identical national aspirations. The Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are one single nation, designated by one common name, 'Jugoslav.'"

Some historians of Italian origin presume that the definition of Slavs come from *slaves* and Serbs from *serfs*; thus *Schiavonia* instead of Slavonia, and *Servia* instead of Serbia. But if anyone will please consult history and maps of old and modern Europe, and particularly of that portion of land occupied by the Slav nation, his conviction will be quickly changed.

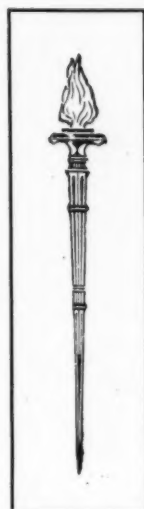
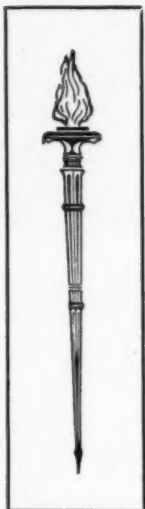
Then we have the British and American Encyclopedia of 1895 and following editions up to the present time, who teach us that Slavs and Serbs are originally from Urals, as well as their names, and that they brought into Europe their own race, customs and civilization.

Then we have prominent foreign and Slav writers. As a matter of justice I will first mention Niccolo Tommaseo, Italian philosopher, born in Sebenico (Dalmatia) in 1802 of Italian descent, to whom the Slavonian people of Dalmatia erected a beautiful monument, in his place of birth, as a token of gratitude for his literary work in connection with the Slavonian people and their race. Then came Gundulic, Strossmayer, Luvic, Mascheck, Matovic, Obradovic, Gotha, Wilkinson, Kacic, Watson and many other authors who made their names illustrious among the Slavonian people by laying the foundation of the Slav history and literature.

Croatia and Slavonia were, for the most part, included in the ancient Pannonia. After the expulsion of the Ostrogoths and Avars, the territory was in 640 conquered by the Slavonic tribes, who descended from the Urals in search of new colonial expansion. Temporary recognition of the French kings, and the Byzantine emperors was followed by the establishment of a more independent kingdom, which included not only Croatia and Slavonia, but also Dalmatia. In 1075, Zvonimir Demetrius, whom the United Slavs declared a national hero, formally rejected the Byzantine overlordship, and received from Gregory VII, of Rome, the title of king. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the land was the object of frequent contest between the Byzantine empire and Hungary; and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was still more harassed by the rivalry of Hungary with Venice. In 1524 the whole country fell into the hands of the Turks; but in 1526, after the battle of Mohacs, many districts fell under the control of the Austrian crown, and by the Carlowitz peace of 1699, the whole country was snatched from the Turks. In 1767 the three kingdoms of Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia were united under the name of Illyria, but the union was broken in 1777. Croatia and Slavonia continued to be regarded as part of the Hungarian kingdom; but a strong national reaction took place in 1848-9 against the Magyar supremacy, and in reward for the services rendered against the Magyar revolt by the Ban Jellacic, Austria declared the country independent of Hungary. In 1860, however, the policy of Vienna was altered, and Croatia and Slavonia were again obliged, in spite of the strong opposition of a large party, to resume their former connection with Hungary, which was not recognized by the national Diet until 1868, and then only after the central administration had interfered with elections in a most arbitrary manner.

The most illustrious propagator of the Yugoslav idea in modern time was the Croatian Bishop Strossmayer, founder of the Yugoslav Academy of Science and Art and of Zagreb University.

A lifelong desire of Archbishop Strossmayer was to complete the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. (Continued on page 94)



Theodore Roosevelt

(Died at Daybreak, January 6, 1919)

KNELL nor deep minute-gun gave the world warning;
Silent as sunrise he sped on his way—
Dark nor delay for him,
Over earth's dusky rim
Into God's Open at breaking of day!
Friend of the humblest man, peer of the highest,
Knight of the lance that was never in rest—
Oh, there are tears for him,
Oh, there are cheers for him—
Liberty's Champion, Cid of the West!

Lion-hearted Leader, vowed to Humanity,
Braving the heights for his brothers below,
Earth will his impress bear
Long as she swims in air—
Tides rise and fall for him, tropic winds blow!
Fervent American, service was joy to him,
God, Home and Country were shrined in his breast;
Songs will be sung for him,
Banners outflung for him—
Liberty's Champion, Cid of the West!

Edna Dean Royce

The Open Road

IT is as old as Age itself, this Road—and shall endure till the end of Time. Once it was but a footpath, a thin and tenuous trail that wound down mountain sides, thru valleys, woods and wildernesses, over plains and deserts and the vast and frozen spaces of the North. The patient, plodding footsteps of the savage first outlined the trail; with the coming of the explorer, the missionary, and the trader it became the Long Portage—the Wilderness Highway. Now it stretches broad and smooth and shining to the very ends of Earth itself. Centuries of time have been required in its building, and treasure past computing, and the toil and sweat of uncounted millions of patient workers. Each and every one of us lives in a house that fronts upon this Open Road—the broad Trade Highway of the World. Over this road, by day and night, from year's end to year's end, pass the endless, hurrying caravans of the world's trade, laden with the products of western looms, "gold and gems and all the priceless wealth of Ind," the dates of Araby, the shawls of Cashmere, Burmese rubies, musk and ambergris and vintage wines—in short, all the infinite variety of products of the earth and sea and of man's handiwork and toil that go to make the composite total of our material needs.

It sounds complex, this business of world trade, but in reality it is very simple—merely the age-old game of barter and exchange. We labor at our chosen or allotted tasks and dig brown iron from the earth's dark depths, or fashion phonographs or roll-top desks or cooking stoves in our factories and shops, which we load upon the backs of mules or in railway cars or motor trucks and hurry them away to our neighbor, who lives, mayhap, a thousand or a hundred miles away upon the Road, and greatly desires the products of our toil. And after few or many days our caravan returns, laden with the rubber boots and plated spoons and pickled herring that our neighbor has sent us in exchange—and each of us prospers and amasses wealth according to his effort or his wits.

It is a pleasant game and profitable, and keeps us out of mischief and amused, and everything is lovely so long as all the participants play fair. But when some player cheats—then the very dickens is to pay. If he persists in refusing to play the game according to the accepted and long-established rules, he is sent to Coventry. The Open Road is closed to him till he repents and promises to play the game according to the rules.

Germany has cheated. She has persistently violated every rule of the game. Shall she be sent to Coventry till she repents in sackcloth and ashes for her transgressions—or shall she, swaggering, bold, unclean, with tongue-in-cheek, be allowed the priceless privileges of the Open Road?

Ask yourself this question. It is for you to answer.

The American Expeditionary Forces on the western front in Europe faced a tremendously powerful foe, organized to the nth degree of efficiency, a cold-blooded, calculatingly cruel, ruthless exponent of terrorism. It has taken four years of tremendous effort by the Allies, terrible suffering, uncounted treasure and millions of lives to overcome this foe. He has seemingly been overcome, but consider at what cost!

The business man of America, the merchant, the manufacturer, the wholesaler, the middleman, will within a few brief months, perhaps within weeks, face a business enemy as powerful, as efficiently organized, as cold-blooded, calculating, as

ruthless, wily, unscrupulous, and dangerous to American business ideals, to invested American capital, to American labor, as the foe that, by the grace of God and the might of right has been overcome on the field of battle.

Had Germany won by force of arms, she planned to seize the markets of the world by force. Failing military supremacy she will resume, by every underhand, deceitful, dishonest method of which she is past mistress, the battle for business supremacy that she has waged unceasingly for more than two-score years.

Only! From now on that battle will be waged with a desperation, a deadly earnestness, a ruthless brutality, an utter and complete disregard for what has been termed "business honesty" such as the world has never known.

Remember this! That Germany is essentially a commercial nation. That in no other country has big business been so fostered, sustained and directed by government supervision, by subsidies, by favoring legislation as in Germany.

Remember this! That in no so-called civilized country has the skilled worker's pay remained these past few years at so low a level compared with living cost as in Germany.

Remember this! That the German code of business ethics is founded on trickery, dishonesty and deceit. German business methods, like German diplomacy, depend for their success upon underhanded, sly and devious approaches toward their object. The German business man, regarded impersonally as representative of a class, is essentially a cheat. By preference he will cheat a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a Swiss, but failing opportunity to despoil a representative of the hated races, he will, with scarcely less relish, despoil his fellow-Hun. It appears to be a racial trait, more properly perhaps a racial taint.

Remember this! That thwarted of their purposed rape of the world's markets by brute force, more than ever will German business interests strive by every insidious wile they can devise to accomplish by seduction their design.

The gripping tentacles of German trade interests take hold on tiny crevices, and cling, absorbing sustenance like the mistletoe. Unlike other parasitic growths, however, it not infrequently outgrows the body upon which in infancy it fed and thrived. The German is a patient and persistent colonizer, with an infinite capacity for intrigue, and a stupendous co-efficient of absorption. Where one or two are gathered together in a place, there flourishes the embodied spirit of the Fatherland in the midst of them. "Kultur" is their middle name, and deceit the practice upon which they thrive. The history of German colonization methods in South Africa is too unsavory for print; the ways of German trade exploitation in other quarters of the globe are too devious to trace. At this moment their colonies are lost to them and their world trade tentacles have been hacked off by the shining sword of the Allies; but the great brute body is already stirring in its lair, its hurts will heal with time, its strength return, and the hidden, cunning, unwearied brain that has never ceased to function will again dominate the infinitely patient, industrious and frugal business body.

Ask yourself the question: "Shall Germany be allowed the freedom of the Open Road?"

W. L. Osborne

A Woman-run Hotel *in* Paris ✓

By IMOGENE BURCH



O, NO! Never! No woman's hotel for me."

Two women sat talking on a France-bound boat. They were on their way overseas to do reconstruction work, with their headquarters in Paris. They were eager to help the thousands of munition workers who had been thrown out of employment when war ended. They were cheerfully facing the hardships of helping refugee women rebuild and re-furnish their homes. But they had brought with them their old prejudices. One was the prejudice against women's hotels.

Arriving in Paris at half-past three in the morning, the two women asked the taxi driver to take them to a hotel near the Etoile, a quite exclusive little hotel. The chauffeur declared it was too far—always he must consider the petrol. They asked to be driven to Hotel de Louvre—every room was taken. Then one said with utter weariness, "Take us to the Vauillemont, or (despairingly) the Petrograd."

The Petrograd was nearer. The chauffeur must save his "essence." The women who hadn't wanted the harbor of the Petrograd entered its doors.

They were met by the night watch, the *veilleuse*, a French woman who speaks "just a leetle Engleesh." The *veilleuse* gave them chocolate and bread and showed them to a quiet room. They slept until noon that day. They continued to occupy that quiet little room whenever they were in Paris. They admit they are converted. "A woman's hotel? Oh, well, this one must be different!"

It is different. To the hundreds of uniformed women workers, every one of them in France for a purpose, the cheerful, homelike surroundings, plenty of good things to eat, with steam heat and hot water, and open fireplaces in each bedroom, are a few of the things that make Hotel Petrograd, the

Y. W. C. A. Hostess House for Women, one of the most pleasant places in Paris.

The building is conspicuous for its almost classic plainness; the walls a dull yellow, latticed casement windows, and a big open court around which it is built. It is located at 33 Rue Caumartin, only a short distance from the American Express, Red Cross Headquarters, the Madeleine and the Opera.

Miss Blanche Geary, at one time the economic specialist for the national board of the Y. W. C. A., after planning and putting the first American Hostess House at Plattsburg on a running basis, went to France and founded Hotel Petrograd for women war workers. During December and January, when the demobilization of troops and war workers was at its maximum, a second hostel house, Hotel Oxford and Cambridge, was opened to accommodate one hundred and twenty women. Red Cross nurses, Signal Corps girls, and workers for more than a score of relief organizations make these two Y. W. C. A. hotels their headquarters.

"We had some difficulty in starting our work," said Miss Geary. "It is hard for Americans to learn that whereas, at home, they may have been working at a gait of a mile a minute, in France the speedometer registers about fifteen miles an



MISS BLANCHE GEARY
Manager of the American Hostess House



WHEN THE VEGETABLE CART ARRIVES
The picturesque attire and grouping makes a pretty street scene



THE DINING ROOM, HOTEL PETROGRAD
Here an average of ten thousand meals a month are served

hour. It took the carpenter just five weeks to make the sign-board to hang in front of Hotel Petrograd. It takes about three months to get printing done, three to five weeks to procure a railway ticket insuring a seat or berth, and each day

Sunday afternoon tea is served to all comers, and gradually the news has gone down the line to stray officers and soldiers in Paris on leave or on business, that the Petrograd is the place to go for good food, good company and a good time.



FRONT VIEW OF HOTEL PETROGRAD

business practically ceases between twelve and two o'clock, tho it only began about nine-thirty or ten o'clock!"

Shops, banks, lawyers and real estate offices, police and municipal departments, government and municipal offices close tightly for two hours at noon. No taxi can be had from twelve to two—the drivers are breakfasting—and the same delightful thing obtains between six-thirty and twelve p.m., they are dining. Between twelve and two the telephone service is greatly reduced—the operators are lunching.

The Hotel Petrograd has had a varied career. There was a time in the early days before the war when it was chiefly famous for a certain brand of cocktail. Then it was leased to the Y. W. C. A. for war workers, and at the present time is being used chiefly by women engaged in reconstruction work. Newcomers used it as an overnight stopping place until they discovered it was so comfortable and so well organized that they spread its fame abroad, and doctors, nurses, and bureau workers of the American Red Cross, and workers from many other organizations came to stay there for indefinite periods. "Open house" has been inaugurated for Thursday nights, when all American and English people are welcome. On

these ateliers has come to the conclusion that he would rather dig trenches than master the jargon of the French shopkeeper. Hence the establishment of the shopping bureau.

"Gee," one boy exclaimed, as he emerged from the unfamiliarities of feminine adornment, "this is no man's job. Me for a woman." And knowing that there was no bit of transplanted American more feminine than Hotel Petrograd, he straightway confided his troubles to the Blue Triangle secretary. So the Shopping Bureau has become a fixed institution, and every day some secretary goes out with some man in khaki and buys handkerchiefs, laces, bits of incomparable French or Swiss embroidery, or some of these—er—fluffy things to take back to the girl at home.

The latest word which has come from Y. W. C. A. secretaries at Hotel Petrograd is that factory whistles are rudely awakening the guests of the hotel in the early morning hours for the first time in four years, and that Parisians are quite as annoyed as in the early days of air raids.

Altho everyone misses the sound of the guns, they are quite willing to accustom themselves once again to the more gentle noises of peace time.

It may be the ragtime which first attracts the attention of the soldiers—American ragtime as only Americans can play it. At any rate they come in, and a few minutes later find themselves with a dozen or more Sammies around the piano singing lustily or eating American ice cream, or talking to an American woman—perhaps the first American woman they have spoken to in months. And they all tell how anxious they are to get back to the States now that the war is over, but while they wait for orders, they accept the Petrograd as the best Parisian substitute for home.

Perhaps one of the most unique features of the hotel that has been inaugurated to meet the needs of the soldiers, is a shopping bureau. Along with the German helmet, the Kaiser's moustache and the Crown Prince's spurs, which many of our American soldiers promised to bring back to the girl he left behind him, is inevitably included something from the famous Paris shops. For many a man in tackling the mysteries of

"THERE'S SOMETHING!"

by Herb Palin

THERE'S Something that sings like the song of birds
In the hearts of the sons of men;
There's Something too strong to be bound by words,
Tho penned by a master's pen.

There's Something that travels at lightning pace
To the friends whom we know are true;
There's Something that reaches thru miles of space,
And it's Something from us to you!

Affairs and Folks



WHEN the spiked helmets of Von Gluck were pushing over Belgium and northern France and all the world was a-quiver with the expectation that Germany's conquerors would repeat the tragedy of 1870, General Joffre sat at his table day after day as the

telephone rang and messengers arrived giving reports of the advance of German troops. Unperturbed, he continued the plans which crystallized in the great victory. Night after night he studied the maps and siege plans. One night he arose and stumbled over chairs to the table on which was a military map. He placed his finger on the map and when the light was turned on, he found it was the Marne. He saw before him the vision of the "Little Corporal" on a white horse, and of Lafayette. How strange it was that the battle of the Marne should have occurred on the birthday of Lafayette.

My visit to Joffre came to mind during the celebration of Lafayette's birthday at Faneuil Hall. The story was told of how from this same platform Daniel Webster had thanked Lafayette in person for the sacrifice he made when he left France, at eighteen, provided the expenses of an expedition and gave up bright prospects at the court of the king simply to follow the "great idea," for, as Lafayette said in 1776, "the future of the world is bound up in the fate of the young nation overseas." How strange that this battle of the Marne, which turned the tides of civilization, should have occurred on the birthday of Marquis Lafayette—this young man whom Washington took to his heart, and whose service meant so much to this country when France took the young republic in swaddling clothes and gave it help and comfort. The life career of Lafayette is now an integral part of American history. As I heard ex-Governor Bates, General Crozier and other speakers, and heard the rafters of the old hall ring with songs of the republic, I looked at the large painting on the wall showing Webster when he made that memorable utterance, "Liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable," and I thought of how this ideal was forecast in the life of Lafayette.

Years ago in Kentucky, sitting at my grandmother's knee, I remember her telling the story over and over again, of how, at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1826, as a little girl, she rode in the lap of Lafayette. She told of how he had driven to there, by coach, to see my great-grandfather, General Joseph Crockett, who

was his comrade during the Revolutionary days. The gentle old man she described little resembled the dashing and handsome young Marquis who had come to America in '76, but it seemed that she never could forget the loving tenderness with which he regarded each child of the town as he met them. This

returning hero, whose name was eminent in fame, passed by many of the distinguished members of the reception committee just to talk with little children. How proud old Lexington was that day in honoring the guest of the nation and friend of Joseph Crockett.

And on this late-day celebration, to hear the "Marseillaise" sung by the French in their own tongue! There is something in the way the French sing their national hymn—something in the pathos and vigor that cannot be put into any other national anthem—and there may be concentrated in the "Marseillaise" the uncompromising appeal of humanity today for the rights of those who fought not only under the tri-color of France, but for humanity—a clearly-defined issue in the great world war.

And to think that Lafayette was in this very hall—Faneuil Hall—in 1825, after he had been the guest of the city of Boston, when Daniel Webster delivered the oration at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument.

Then, too, I recalled that visit I made to the cemetery at Picpus in France, where Lafayette is buried in American soil, for the very earth in which he was buried was transported from this country. It was at this tomb that Pershing delivered those wonderful words, "We are here, Lafayette." In the Court of the Louvre, at Paris, is the statue of Lafayette provided

by the pennies of the school children of America. Thru Lafayette, America was able to see the soul of France, and when La Belle France called in the dark moments of her struggle for world civilization, America responded with the same spirit in which Lafayette came to our shores.

* * * *

WE had seen him on the screen innumerable times—with Anita Stewart in "The Million Bid" for the Vitagraph; with Mae Marsh in "The Beloved Traitor" for the Goldwyn; in that stirring picture "For the Freedom of the World," and in his most recent success, "Lafayette, We Come," written and directed by M. Leonce Perret, the well-known French director,



JAMES J. McCABE

Author of the new air for "America," described and reproduced in full in another section of this magazine

who wrote his scenario around General Pershing's eloquent speech at the foot of Lafayette's monument.

We had seen all sorts of photographs of him—full lengths, heads, serious, and those we "lingered longer" over—those photographs showing his wonderful smile which always seems to come from the very depth of his soul rather than merely from his lips.

We had heard men's praise of him. He inspires his friends—you know the type—you shake his hand with your right hand and put your left hand on his shoulder.

But, one morning about five minutes after nine, he breezed into the office, opening the door with a loud bang. He stood before us with a twinkle in his eye that defied our being there just about five minutes earlier. Then the admiration for the actor, the photographs, the opinion of his friends, faded into oblivion, and into our minds in their place came the simple knowledge, "Well, here is E. K. Lincoln, the man."

Mr. Lincoln "hails" from Johnstown, Pennsylvania. His earliest childhood ambitions were to become an actor, and he started his career in stock, playing all sorts of parts, but the part of hero came so natural to him that he was invariably cast for the role of young lover.

Then when the motion-picture craze began to reach its zenith, Mr. Lincoln left the legitimate stage for the opportunity the screen afforded him to gladden the hearts of a larger circle of admirers. He went to the Vitagraph Company for his initial screen work, and under the direction of Ralph Ince, achieved fame as one of the picture world's greatest stars.



E. K. LINCOLN
Actor, country gentleman and friend

One hears much about the actor who is "wedded to his art." Mr. Lincoln loves his art, it is true—he is absorbed in it—yet he does not let it monopolize him and shut out all else of his life. He finds time to exercise and to follow the man-interests which have claim upon his enthusiastic disposition.

Every now and then he washes away the grease-paint and steps out of his role as screen artist to don the garb of country gentleman, and play that part for a time. On his beautiful estate at Blandford, Massachusetts, he secures the rest and recreation that keys him up for his next work.



EDGAR A. GUEST
Humorous, tho English, and a real poet

This estate comprises forty-five hundred acres and is situated seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea. There are vast woods containing black walnut trees, acres and acres of vegetables, with a large lake containing fish, which invite the prowess of the sportsman.

The very flowers seem conscious of his presence, and in their efforts to share the universal admiration of his friends, they proudly raise their heads as if some natural code existed among them. Then, too, there are his kennels at Fairfield, Connecticut—more friends—his dogs, his thoroughbreds, costly chows, toy spaniels, pekes and japs. These he raises himself, and they are prize-winners valued at thousands of dollars.

We could not get Mr. Lincoln to talk about himself—all this we had to gather by most tactful scheming, but just those few minutes of conversation confirmed all the admiration and praise we had heard, so much so, in fact, that even after he left we looked around the office, and it still seemed filled with his presence.

* * * *

ALL aglow with heart cheer, the poems of Edgar A. Guest are most welcome. During the stress of war days, it was the cheerful optimism of Edgar Guest (his friends call him "Eddie") that truly reflected the love and loyalty of the folks at home. When I saw the little circular announcing his four new books, it was a puzzle to know which I would choose, and I settled it by securing them all.

In "Over Here" he writes of war-time scenes and themes; there is something of the rollicking spirit of the khaki-clad lad leaving for the camp, with eyes twinkling with the fervor of patriotism and adventure. It touched the hearts of mothers and fathers, who find their consolation in the lines.

Whenever I find a poem of Eddie Guest's in the newspapers, I stop and read it, and then I think of that book, "A Heap o' Livin'," just as fresh as a breeze from outdoors, full of that

sincere sentiment and philosophy that makes you feel better. In the khaki-edition of "A Heap o' Livin'" is a real war-time thrill, but in "Just Folks" there is the simple home-spun spirit of fellowship that recalls the days of Riley in his prime.

I have spoken with Edgar Guest at a banquet table. He does not speak—he reads those lines—and his hearers never fumble their napkins or put their fingers in the butter when Edgar Guest is reading one of his poems, for they experience the real joy and feeling of acquaintance. He crystallizes the everyday joys of life and makes the future glow with hope.

Despite the tradition that the Briton has no sense of humor, Edgar Guest was born in Birmingham, England, but as he has lived in America since he was ten years old, he may be considered more American than English. Besides writing books and attending banquets, he has personally conducted a column of verse and humorous sketches in the *Detroit Free Press* for the last dozen years.

His life is, indeed, his greatest open book. I have seen him engrossed in the joys of home life, with his little boy and girl and his garden. It was not much of a garden in one way, but it had real flowers in it.

* * *

WHEN the continent was searched for a location where an equable climate obtained during the four seasons of the year, Cornelius Vanderbilt decided that the Sunset Mountain district, near Asheville, North Carolina, filled this requirement. "Biltmore" was then established and soon became famous as the estate having more of a variety of growing trees than any other spot in the world. Long before this, the invigorating climate of the Carolina mountains had attracted thousands of people, for here many a fagged business man and wearied invalid had found restored strength. Among them was E. W. Grove of St. Louis, and in grateful remembrance of the sunny skies under which he regained his health, he built a home—also providing others with homes and a mountain rest haven. He not only decided to live here, but purchased a mountain.

Mr. Fred L. Seely, publisher of the *Georgian* at Atlanta, who married Mr. Grove's daughter, was to help crystallize the vision. As publisher, he had a real constructive punch, and he had the *Georgian* on the newspaper map. When Mr. Grove decided to build a hotel at Grove Park, famous architects were consulted. The first idea was to have a log hotel like "Old Faithful Inn" at Yellowstone, but none of the plans seemed quite right, and Mr. Grove appealed to Mr. Seely. With sweeping perception and precision he took a piece of brown paper and soon had a plan outlined. Submitting it, he told Mr. Grove it was the work of an Atlanta man. It was strikingly original and encompassed every purpose. It was decided to begin, and that beginning foreshadowed a herculean task, for there were virtually mountains to be removed, and a veritable geological eruption to ensue.

Sunny Grove Park, on the mountain side, was to be crowned with a hotel distinctive in every way. Like King Solomon's temple, this mountain hostelry, built by hand in the old-fashioned way, is a triumph of handcraft.

The structure was completed within twelve months. Every boulder in the building is visible, and some even still retain the original moss and lichen of Nature's fastnesses. Not a splinter of wood was used except in the doors, and the roof itself is of Portland cement reinforced with ninety thousand pounds of steel rods, with five layers of Trinidad asphalt reposing within layers of asbestos felt—a structural Gibraltar.

Within the rugged walls of the "Big Room" itself, in the evening, "Mine Host" Seely has furnished the suggestion of a great family gathering—soon crystallized among guests from the four quarters of the globe. The strains of the great pipe organ pouring out in that room, where over a thousand people may be seated, presents a picture of cathedral majesty. What interested me in going about the grounds was to recall the past and note what man can accomplish.

The Biltmore Industries, purchased from Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt by Mr. Seely, have been continued, and thus revives the industry of colonial times. The hand looms furnish cloth that has the wearing quality known of the sturdy pioneers. These industries were begun in 1901 in an industrial school started in Biltmore village by Mrs. Vanderbilt, and the records show in this industrial school that "one *knew* student was added tonight," years ago, in this institution that has developed talent and genius that has made its impress on the nation. Here is an institution in hand-carved woodwork, and here, also, Duane Champlin, who did the wonderful sculptures "Sunrise" and "Sunset" at the Panama Exposition, received his first lessons in carving and sculpture, carried on with all the masterful thoroughness of handcraft days.

Unique old English shop buildings are constructed on the grounds, and the handloom work continues amid the atmosphere of real sturdy handcraft appropriately exemplifying the dominant idea in the creation of the resort-haven.

Workers who glory in toil understand homespun, and what more fitting industry to be associated with the building that reflects the rugged character of the mountaineers.

The thought occurred to me over and over again, what a delight this would have been to Elbert Hubbard, a disciple of the sturdy Morris, to look on the fulfillment of his vision. Fred Seely is first of all a builder and practical man, as well as an idealist. Up the mountainside to "Overlook," we walked to his home, where he has built an old English castle with a view adown Happy Valley, that makes one feel that Happy Valley was appropriately named, for surrounding is a scene of mountain splendor and valley vista. In the distance Mount Mitchell and the other peaks stand out defiant, presenting a



G. AUBREY DAVIDSON, OF SAN DIEGO

State Director of War Savings Stamp campaign for southern California. The father of the San Diego Exposition, Mr. Davidson was the vice-president and chairman of the Executive Committee for four and one-half years, and president during the two years of operation, 1915-16. He is also a member of the California State Council of Defense, aside from his regular occupation as president of the Southern Trust and Commerce Bank, San Diego.

panorama of scenic glory not excelled or rivalled. Grove Park Inn has indeed perpetuated the glories and grandeurs of the Carolina mountains and brought them closer to man. Here the seasons are kindly and propitious in their vigors as the winters and summers come and go.



HARRIS DICKSON

Author and war correspondent, dressed for the trenches

THE stories concerning *Old Reliable* are classics of Negro lore, and the author of these quaint, delightful character sketches is himself a classic. Harris Dickson is a Southerner for generations back, but he has lived so much in other cities of the country that he is able to make a speech anywhere and prove his all-around Americanism to the core. While he has dealt largely with the South and Southern conditions, he has never allowed himself to sacrifice facts in order to gain dramatic effect.

Living among the Negroes and surrounded by a large colored population day by day, he finds the black man naturally enters into every phase of life, tinging and moulding to a very large degree the lives of the whites around him. He has announced the startling conviction that in order to imagine the Southern man's attitude on any civic or political question, you must always figure on this black factor.

The fundamental race problem interested him so much that he made a trip into Central South Africa to see what the Negro was like at home, and there he found amongst the British exactly the same ideas that obtain among thoughtful white men in his own country.

What a thrill it gave me to reflect when I stood by Harris Dickson, hearing the Negroes singing the plaintive plantation songs, that it was the very echo of what he had heard in far-off

Africa. His stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* show how thoroly he understands his subject from the very taproots. For the past two or three years he has been absorbed in war work and apparently has lost sight of his old friend, the Negro, except when he talked to him, and no one can talk better to colored men than Harris Dickson, because he knows he is telling the truth. He is one who insists that the Negro stood as loyally by his country as did his white friends. The same loyalty that prevailed during the terrors of the Civil War prevails even today. There can be no complaint whatever as to what the Negro race has done in sending men to the Army and in giving for war purposes.

In 1917, Mr. Dickson made a trip to France with the Seventh Field Artillery and was correspondent with that regiment. During this trip he made a close analytical study of the personnel and the psychological attitude of our soldiers in France, and his conclusion was that looking at this matter from the coldest point of view, he firmly believes we have had in France an army equal to the best. This fact is remarkable to men who have studied military science and the military history of the country, and realize what a series of blunders might be caused by lack of discipline among our troops because of voluntary enlistment for short term service. Many of the men who went to France with the first contingent felt a sense of uneasiness as to how our Southern lads would take to training as



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MISS ANNE MARTIN

Vice-chairman of the National Woman's Party. She was graduated from the University of Nevada and from Leland Stanford, and has studied in Cambridge

modern soldiers, but subsequent events proved that the faith of the higher officers in the American spirit more than justified the observations made by Mr. Dickson and left only one opinion—that it was as efficient an army as any ever put into field of action in all history.

This opinion is concurred in unanimously by every man who made a close study of the situation, and especially by the

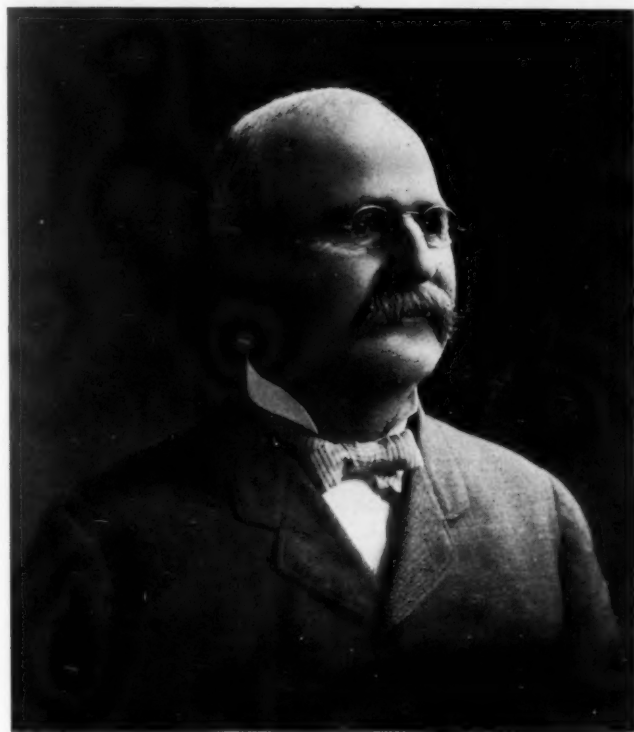
French and British officers. Mr. Dickson is primarily a modest man. He loves his home, he loves his South, he loves to invite his friends to go fishing. He invited me, and even offered to let the fish go hungry in order that they might bite more freely. His is the spirit of the philosopher and poet, and now that the war is over his readers will expect him to bring forth *Old Reliable* once again, and thru the natural native philosophy of the colored brother, let us have light on the subjects that are puzzling the brains of philosophers and scientists—for Harris Dickson knows how the philosophy of life is simplified in the attitude and conversation of the colored brethren.

* * * *

IN the early days, when I sniffed sawdust in the woods of Wisconsin, I found a friend in B. F. McMillan. He was a lumberman, one of the sturdy pines, sound all thru, kindly and yet always ready with that word of counsel and encouragement that meant much. He was a typical specimen of the early day lumberman, and when I received the news of his passing, it seemed as if a great tree had fallen.

A student of the Civil War, and great lover of Robert Burns, he lived a life full of activity to the very last. He was never too busy to help others. A little village in Wisconsin was named for him, and this was the place where for forty-three years he resided. He made this wilderness blossom and always remained on the spot where he started his life work in the ruddy and vigorous days of the lumber camps.

In his home was a library filled with rare books. Broad-minded and charitable, with that wonderful gruffness that just won you because you could almost feel the twinkle in his voice, the name and memory of Mr. McMillan is revered



B. F. McMILLAN

in the circle of those who knew him, and it seems hard to reconcile that lives of such usefulness should end at three-score and ten. It will be difficult to find in coming generations the sturdy stuff and the rigid character and power of the men who conquered the wild woods of the Northland.

* * * *

LEO DITRICHSTEIN was recently asked the question: "Would the democratizing of the world handicap dramatic art?" His reply is especially significant at this time, when the pendulum of national sentiment swings so close to democracy.

"To answer that query, we must be retrospective," he said. "Monarchies have encouraged art for art's sake; democracies

have commercialized it. Dramatic art has been fostered in its inception, expression and presentation by European monarchies from its earliest history, sovereigns regarding state aid as an essential to the consummation of its highest ideals.

"In France there still exists the home of the world's greatest dramatic institution—the *Comedie Francaise*, created, controlled, and even today still regulated under conditions that were established by a monarchic regime. Spain, to develop the literary and histrionic endowments of Cervantes, De Lope



LEO DITRICHSTEIN

and Calderon de la Barca, created state offices and bestowed remunerative residues upon them. England, way back from the Elizabethian period, has ever recognized dramatic art by governmental emolument as well as by the bestowal of titles and decorations.

"Scandinavia, Russia, and other countries have liberally endowed state theaters and encouraged the exposition of dramaturgy. The point then comes, 'Would the abolition of monarchical government abolish state theaters, ignore the status of the players and merely recognize dramatic art upon the same basis as a green grocer would look upon a head of cabbage—purely upon its commercial value?' Really, I hardly think so!

"The theater is too solidly entrenched in the general scheme of things abroad to be shaken from its foundations by a change in political government, for, remember this: a democracy is only great in so far as it can live up to the ideals it propounds; therefore the solidity of the drama lies solely with ourselves; we can only sustain the highest ideals in dramatic art by disclosing these high ideals in ourselves. The broadness of any appeal expressed in the drama must be in absolute harmony with the auditor; if not, then the appeal and purpose of the theme is futile. It is not a question of politics; it is purely a question of individual and universal support. Art should know no politics, nationality, or creed.

"The progress made by our sister republics in South America, in recognizing and sustaining the lyric and dramatic stage so affluently, gives little apprehension as to the possible decay of

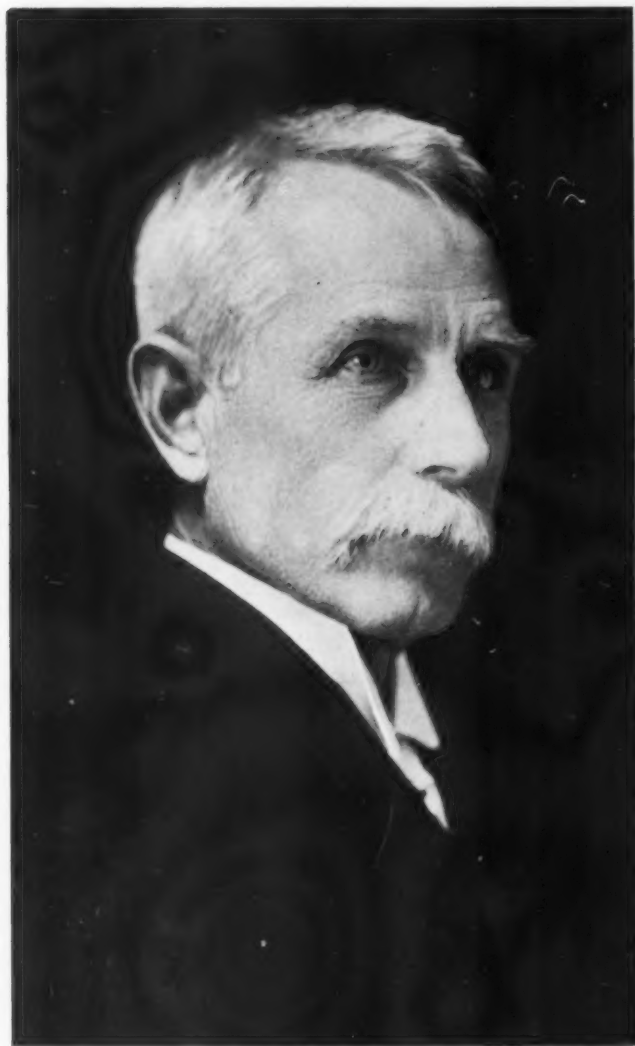
the drama there, should the entire political map of Europe be changed.

"I do deplore the fact, however, that in this country our statesmen do not seem to regard the theater as a national institution; but perhaps now that the war is over, as we settle down to the conventionalities of life, the record made by the stage and its people in their patriotic efforts to 'carry on' may be a stimulus to awaken sufficient interest in our lawmakers to advocate the creation of a national theater."

* * *

IT was among the New Hampshire hills, aflame with the brilliancy of autumnal foliage, that I first met Winfield Lionel Scott, president of the Michigan Authors' Association. He has long been a poet of recognized merit, but in the charm of his personality I find much to admire. The sweet wholesomeness of his nature and his faithfulness and fidelity to friends is an inspiration.

He was born in northern New York, is of Irish descent, and has the "Irish blue" twinkle in his eye. His great-great-grandfather, Sir John Scott, was Chief Justice of Ireland, created Earl of Clonmel, and Mr. Scott was next in line to the earldom,



WINFIELD LIONEL SCOTT

and is now by right of birth a real earl, but chos to retain his simple title of American citizenship. This is nothing against him, for the only distinction he claims now is that of being an American citizen. On his mother's side he is an Alsatian, and his grandfather served under the first Napoleon.

While he received only a district school education, he has the artistic and literary abilities of a man of university degrees—and not only does he write with the fervor and glow of a real poet, but he can portray on canvas the depth and beauty of a landscape. An irrepressible optimist, he has dreamed dreams—

and his books, "Songs of an Idle Hour," "An Alsatian Idyl," "Interludes," "Azure and Silver," "'Neath Summer Skies," "At Sunset" and "Lazy Days in Venice" long ago established his popularity as a poet. His workshop is at the top of his house, overlooking a garden. The walls are covered with his own paintings and sketches, and everywhere breathes the



FRANK L. MULHOLLAND

A prominent attorney of Toledo, Ohio, and president of the International Association of Rotary Clubs. His personal observation of the needs of the French and Belgian refugees in the war zone led to the "Old Shoe Campaign," in which the city of Toledo made a unique contribution to war charities

atmosphere of artistic content. Here are grouped American and French flags and mementos of his travels. The typewriter is there, as well as the poetic quill. The library contains autographed books from many friends. His travel sketches, including a trip thru the Holy Land, indicate the fine mental and moral qualities of the author. He loves his flowers, his books, his music, and has lived to the full the life of a real poet.

* * *

IN the city of Toronto, Canada, there is a large department store, whose record in war service is perhaps unequalled anywhere in the world. This institution gave to the war 1,777 of its unmarried and 679 of its married employees. Of these, 181 have been killed or died of wounds, 387 are among the wounded, with five missing and thirty-four prisoners of war. For four years this company, in addition to its heavy government taxes, has paid \$10,000 weekly in wages to these absent soldiers. During the entire war more than \$2,000,000 was contributed to the wage roll of employees serving at the front. In addition to this, the owner of the store placed his yacht and complete wireless plant at the disposal of the government. Sir John Eaton is the man who has done this noble work,

A Night at "Home, Sweet Home"



I stood on the threshold of the house that inspired the immortal lines of "Home, Sweet Home," thru the door I saw the woodbine trellis which was mentioned in the one verse of the song that has been lost to public view for many years:

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thru the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

It seemed as tho the spirit of John Howard Payne, the wandering exile, hovered over the place, now reclaimed from its state of decay, and made into a real home again.

Some years ago Mr. G. H. Buek visited the boyhood home of John Howard Payne, which is located in Easthampton on Long Island. He found the place neglected, the old fence down and overgrown with vine and creeper. The beauty of

and his gracious wife could not be excelled as custodians of this almost sacred spot, for they love it with all the intensity of home-bodies. Tourists by the hundreds drop in and find a gracious welcome. Across the threshold they come and go, each one humming the refrain, with a picture of his own home in mind. The scene is so redolent with universal home memories and ideals, that one can associate his own home in some way with the very spot that shone in the memory of the wandering exile.

The life of John Howard Payne is almost as tragic as the plays which he is said to have enacted in his boyhood days. At the early age of fourteen he became an editor, and it seemed as if a malign Fate followed him, for he failed, but paid in installments every subscriber who had advanced payment for subscription until all debts were cancelled. John Howard Payne was always the soul of honor. His teacher-father excelled in elocution, and it was in the recitation of Shakesperean lines that young Payne foreshadowed his career as poet and actor. He was secretly editor of a paper called the *Thespian Mirror*, and his work attracted much attention. He was sent to Union College at the expense of a man who saw indications of great promise in the boy, but the death of his mother about that time affected him deeply, and then, too, the pecuniary losses of his father stopped his studies. He then decided to become an actor, and, at the age of seventeen, appeared at the Park Theatre, New York. He was acting in Boston when his father died. When only twenty years of age he



"HOME, SWEET HOME"

Front view of John Howard Payne house, showing picturesque windmill

the outline of that typical old home enthralled him, and he purchased the place, feeling it to be a shrine, and, as such, worthy of loving care and preservation. The house has been restored, and Mr. Buek has brought together there many of the belongings of the Payne's, and, with strict adherence to period, the house is decorated and furnished thruout much as it might have appeared when the author of "Home, Sweet Home" lived there, a barefoot boy. Here may be seen the old playbills of productions in which John Howard Payne appeared. His plays were acted by Booth, and he himself was an actor of no mean ability.

There is a beautiful symmetry about the house, which was built by ship carpenters brought to Easthampton about 1695. Wide-branched elms shade the pond, the same pond which existed in the days when John Howard Payne's father, who was an instructor in the academy, came there with his children in the early days. Mr. Buek has restored a windmill, that dated from 1771, which completes the picturesque scene.

As we sat in front of the hearth, the wonderful painting of John Howard Payne looked down upon us. "Mine host" Buek



THE TURN IN THE STAIRWAY

Upper hall, showing guest room, thru the open door; the closed door leads to the attic



GUEST ROOM
The gay counterpane, curtains and rag carpet are true to period



FIREPLACE IN THE OLD KITCHEN
Equipped as in the days when Payne lived there



SITTING ROOM
Portrait of John Howard Payne, painted by Willard, hangs over the mantel

appeared in Drury Lane Theatre, London, and was even then hailed as the great coming actor.

On a dreary day in January, 1823, whilst stranded in Paris, away from everything and everyone he held dear, and amongst those speaking a foreign tongue, he penned the lines of "Home, Sweet Home." It was first sung by Miss Maria Tree, sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, at Covent Garden Theater in an English opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan." The words were written by John Howard Payne, and the music composed and arranged by Sir Henry Bishop. This one song is all that is remembered of the ambitious operatic melodrama. Fully three hundred thousand copies were sold the first year. It made many people wealthy, but young Payne had sold his rights because of necessity.

Payne returned to England in 1832, and ten years later, as well as again in 1851, he was appointed United States consul at Tunis, where he died the next year. Even the inscription on his gravestone incorrectly gave the date of his birth and death. In 1883 the remains were finally brought back to his native land.

Speaking of his misfortunes, Payne once said: "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city and have heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head!"

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, founder of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, had the poet's remains transferred from Tunis to Washington and reinterred in Oak Hill Cemetery with the song he had immortalized.

When Jenny Lind sang the song in Washington to one of the most distinguished audiences that had ever gathered in the republic, she suddenly turned her face to the part of the auditorium where Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home."

with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of enthusiasm swept thru the vast assemblage. It was then that the stately Webster arose and lost control of his voice in the emotions of the moment, and Payne witnessed an unparalleled tribute to his immortal lyric. Madame Albani, Adelina Patti and all the queens of opera found their real test in the refrain of "Home, Sweet Home." Today Amelita Galli-Curci brings her audience to their feet with "Home, Sweet Home." Its universal appeal indicates that all human hearts beat about the same, and that the ideals of the world, even in an age of materialism, all cluster about that one thought of a home and haven.

Lord Kitchener, when asked by one famous prima donna what song he would like to have her sing, said: "Home, Sweet Home." He had been over the sands of Africa, pushing on to the desert of Khartoum, and he had evidently felt that same longing that came to the American Consul of far-off Africa for the little cottage with the woodbine trellis far over the seas. Kitchener, the stolid, sphinx-like, the stoic, arose and responded when the song had been finished with a "thank you" that indicated the depths of his feelings in connection with the picture that the song inspired, the home which was only to him a dream in his wandering life as a soldier of the Empire.

* * * *

In almost the very spot where John Howard Payne used to sleep as a boy, I spent a peaceful night, and awoke, to gaze out the window, just as he was wont to gaze, dreaming, perhaps, of great triumphs on the stage. This was the only home he knew. He never married; never knew the thrill of having a home of his own and children at the fireside. And it was such a man who, out of the poignant longing for those things which life had denied him, gave voice to the world-wide home song: "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."



The Joy of Every Day

By WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN

WITH the lamp of courage burning and the light of hope clear gold,
With a smile for all the shadows that have morning in their hold,
With a wonder in each heartbeat at the beauty of the stars,
With a strong soul for earth's battles and no fear of future scars,

*We will never long for shirk-time,
As the hours turn 'round the day,
But will find, a-dance in work-time,
All the fairies of sweet play!*

In the joy of quiet dreaming that the starlight showers down,
In the peace of glad hearts' gleaming floating over mead and town,
In the all-renewing beauty of the love that knows no greed,
In the sweetness of the spirit that contains a Christ-like creed,

*There will gleam, in all distresses
That are set within life's ring,
Joyous light that upward presses
'Neath the tip of strife's great wing!*

In the eyes that give a blessing with a straight look from the heart,
In the hand whose glad out-holding strikes away the stinging smart,
In the feet, with cheerful message, marching to the tune of Hope,
In the words of kindly greeting that about the world-way grope,

*We can hear the tender singing
Of the song that never dies,—
Hear life's rapture bells a-ringing
Out the Peace of Paradise!*



The Afterglow of War ✓

Hail! the American Doughboy

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



ONE of the first queries I heard on my return from overseas was: "What do they think of our boys over there?" Then in quick succession followed the second question: "What are they doing at the Peace Conference?"

Then invariably followed the third interrogation, after learning that I had been in Germany: "How do the Huns act, and how does Germany look?"

These questions, fired at you in almost a single breath, are posers. The brief cables and fragmentary dispatches in newspapers of statements and counter-statements, points and counter-points, up to the *nth* power of the Fourteen Points, have evidently not satisfied the desire for information clustering about this triumvirate of interrogations.

It may as well be confessed at the outset that one pair of eyes can only see so much and one pair of ears is limited in auricular scope. The scenes witnessed and words heard in the halo of the Peace Conference indicated to me that the same old diplomatic expressions intended to disguise meanings, despite the verbiage of open covenant, is still in vogue. The

public mind in Europe, as well as America, seemed in a chaotic condition as to what was the real meaning of all this generalization of language, translated into many tongues.

Consequently, it was a relief from this inchoate condition to find myself, soon after arriving in France, with the American soldiers. There was an alert, crisp definiteness in everything they said, and no misunderstanding as to what they were doing. It was generally agreed that the American troops in that last dash at Argonne cracked the veil of steel that hung over the Hun domain. Their daring and dauntless bravery was conceded as a part of unparalleled military record, and the fighting qualities of the American troops were a revelation to the Allies and a body-blow shock to the Germans.

In the routine drudgery following the armistice the American doughboy proved the real ambassador to the nations of Europe, emphasizing in acts and deeds how and why an enduring peace was a practical proposition. Concretely, the American soldier was greater in peace than in war, for under all conditions he remained perfectly natural, with no military varnish or statecraft veneer. In other words, he was his own human self, and



ST. MIHIEL WHILE HELD

BY THE GERMANS

From a photographic plate found after the Germans had been driven out. Fort at top, showing side of hill and the Huns signalling, indicating the life of leisure they were leading. The Fritzies left in a hurry, with food cooking on the stoves when the Yanks came. The holes in the side of the fort indicate that the American artillery was busy. This picture was taken during the hot days of September, when the German shell had begun to crack. When the barrage was on the skyline was a blaze of light, and the fleeing Fritzies took no more photographs of St. Mihiel.

nothing deterred him from doing his duty and remaining kind and wholesome, with an ever-refreshing sense of humor.

Cheerily he assisted in repairing bridges, railroads, telephones, and homes. The little children clinging to his legs, crying for chocolates, knew that altho a conqueror he could never be a tyrant. Whether fixing up broken hinges or carrying the burdens of elderly women, he maintained the spirit of a crusader and a cavalier. No wonder that General Pershing in his marvelous report has left in the annals of warfare a record unlike that of anything else that appears in history.

The American doughboy is the greatest diplomat of all time! Sweeping thru France with cannon and bayonet, he drove the Germans to the brink of the Rhine and conquest. A week later, marching across the conquered country, this same civilian



MISSSES ELINOR WHITTEMORE AND ETHEL HINTON

Y. M. C. A. entertainers, after a flight from Italy to Austria after the armistice was signed. They were with the 332d Division at Udine, Italy. They very often drove in motor cars all night, running into trees and off bridges, but in Austria they were billeted in the headquarters where an Austrian general who was captured had lived in ease and affluence

soldier stopped to pat the head of a child and stooped to lighten the burden of a peasant woman. He was an ambassador in the real sense of the word.

Yes, I take off my hat and hail the American doughboy. There's nothing on earth like him. While he's fighting he's a fiend, but when he isn't he's just a great big boy and he can't help giving things to little children that try to crawl up his legs—even if they are German children. He's natural and fits in wherever he goes, whether it's bombing a German trench or

being decent to the people in the occupied German towns. He doesn't take to the role of a swaggering buccaneer. But he's a *man*, thru and thru.

Coming directly from the battlefields of Europe, where I followed in the footsteps of the American army, as one of the first American civilians in Germany after the armistice, I feel a responsibility in reporting these observations. On this fourteenth trip to Europe I traveled for fifteen days in an automobile amidst the awful devastation in France and Belgium, and now I never want to see Europe again. Twice I was held up by military police in occupied territory because I was in civilian attire and was talking in intimate fashion with German residents. The American soldiers have been ordered not to become too friendly with the people of the occupied cities and towns.

The German people received the Americans with relief. They were glad the war was over—that their loved ones might return. They would have welcomed almost any invaders, but were overjoyed with the Americans. They feared the invaders until they arrived. But they soon came to know them. The world's greatest fighters were the world's most humane army of Americans. The German children fell in love with the doughboys. No hatred toward our boys in khaki was manifested. The people seemed war-weary and tired out and glad to escape the whip of Hun military rule.

The women and children appeared very healthy. Some were thin, perhaps from lack of fats, which were very scarce in Germany, but not starved, by any means. I don't believe there is any comparison between the residents of the Rhine valley, now occupied by American troops, and that of the conditions that existed when Grant's victorious army marched into Richmond.

As the American and other Allied armies marched toward the Rhine after the armistice, they found mountains of machine guns and plenty of ammunition. The whole story was the Fritzes were afraid of what might be done. They feared the alert and quick-thinking soldiers who followed a bugle that "never sounds retreat."

While in Europe I was informed that it was Albert Ballin of the Hamburg-American Line who made the suggestion to the Kaiser that he abdicate in order to save Germany. Ballin died soon after the armistice was signed, and the report that reached me, but which I was unable to verify, was that Ballin had committed suicide after his interview with the Kaiser.

The Americans ended the war. The Germans lost heart when they encountered them. The Americans resorted to no rules of fighting—they just fought. They simply overwhelmed the Hun by their initiative, their dash and their courage. The Germans feared that their villages were to be bombed and pictured what the Americans would do to their towns when they begun swarming over the Rhine valley.

At Cantigny the Huns first met the America troops; at Chateau Thierry they realized what they were up against, and in Argonne Forest they knew they were licked.

I have been asked, "Why did the Germans so fear Americans as compared with the soldiers of the other allied countries they had faced?"

It was the dash, bang-up stuff—push forward regardless of tradition. In fact, our boys put the fear of God in their hearts.

Germany was very much surprised in the American army. The word had gone thru the German army that millions of Americans could hardly be sent to the west front, but that if they were, the Germans would wipe them out, as they had wiped out the Russians.

When I attended the reception given in honor of President Wilson, I looked upon a gathering including representatives of all the allied countries in the flush of victory. Then I pushed forward from Paris to a point beyond Coblenz, following in the wake of the American army of occupation.

At Coblenz, where I spent Christmas Day, it was apparent the population fairly worshipped the Americans. Of course in the case of adults there may have been something of propaganda in this—the desire to show that the Germans were not as bad as we found them to be during hostilities. But this could not

THE FORMER GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG AND FAMILY

The abdication of the Grand Duchess was demanded because of her known German sympathies. Her place was taken by Princess Charlotte (on the extreme left), who is said to have been a great admirer of the American troops. Some of the handsome American aviators are credited with offering credentials for a life alliance with the new Duchess



apply to the children, who trooped around the Americans with childish admiration, looking on them with great glee as heroes come from a fairyland.

The problem in the area of occupation seems to be to keep the soldier a soldier. He is more of a wonder in times of peace with an army of occupation than in times of war with an army of battle. He is doing more to build up an understanding of the American character among the people of Europe than the diplomats can ever do. The doughboy is the real American ambassador to the nations of Europe. He sees a woman dragging a heavy load on the street and he just naturally walks over and lifts it from her shoulders. His mother taught him to do this.

He is as unaffected in his simplicity in the streets of Coblenz or Paris as he is when at home in New York or Oshkosh. And he certainly wants to come home. When those boys in Coblenz heard that I had been in New York within three weeks, they crowded around me as if I were something of a curiosity. "Say, bud," I heard one say in an awe-stricken way, "this guy was in New York a month ago." These boys have been over there for eighteen months, and home sounds good to them.

There was a real American celebration on Christmas eve. A great evergreen tree was set up in Coblenz and on top of the Ehrenbreitstein fortress across the river. The trees were illuminated with red, white and blue bulbs, reflecting their radiance in the swift-running water of the Rhine, and the

populace turned out and sang Christmas songs. The doughboy sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" over and over again. It was a thrilling Christmas tune.

The Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross at Coblenz were indispensable. They were first on the spot and ready for the soldiers when they arrived, distributing a million cigarettes in a short time and quantities of chocolate.

The German demobilized soldiers act as if they are dazed. They walk the streets doing nothing, altho there is plenty of work to be done. They do not seem to realize that they were defeated. This sense of defeat seems to be slow in penetrating the German mind.

* * * *

I visited the grave of Quentin Roosevelt near Chambray. Across a field of blood-soaked ground we walked to the grave where he had been buried by the Germans. The site is marked by evergreen trees on the fringe of the hill where the young hero lies. The grave overlooks a landscape that seemed to me like the plains of Dakota. The grave was inclosed, and the blue cross of the Germans between the cross erected by the Americans, with its circle of Stars and Stripes, and the more elaborate head mark by the French was like an impressive group of immortelles. The spot where he fell is marked by a tablet.

As I leaned over toward the grave, amid the brown blanket of withered flowers, I saw a tiny violet peeping up to the sky.



GROUP OF Y. M. C. A.
ENTERTAINERS ON THE
CHAMPAGNE FRONT

The entertainments were held always in the afternoon, never at night, and sometimes within five hundred feet of the front lines. As many as five thousand officers and men were gathered at times under heavy, thick woods while the entertainments were in progress. The songs and music were often punctuated with the staccato rattle of machine-gun firing and the vicious drone of Boche observation planes sailing far overhead

catching the blue of the heavens. It seemed to me then that the infinite and the finite touched. That violet was the most fitting emblem of the tragic fall from the blue skies overhead to a glory as true blue as the flag he served. I wrote to my wife about it. She sent it on to Colonel Roosevelt, and on the Saturday before his great soul passed on, in the sunrise of a new week, he received the message of the little blue violet.



FATHER AND SON IN SERVICE

Colonel C. J. Symmonds, United States Cavalry, commander at Grevres. His only son, Captain Robert E. Symmonds, United States Cavalry, commanding H 2 Troop, Second Division, on the Argonne sector. Captain Symmonds was killed November 5, 1918, near Sedan, soon after his promotion

My saddest experience was when I passed over the war-swept plains of France—spots where President Wilson has lately visited. The one awful place I will always remember was a little triangular plot of ground, a cemetery, where boys of the 26th—New England boys—those who paid the supreme sacrifice—are sleeping.

As I gazed at the rude crosses, I could not resist an impulse to pick up the little brass identification discs, the only markers. What terrible thoughts swept thru my mind! I cannot describe them. Here were hundreds of Boston boys sleeping their last sleep under the *fleur-de-lis*. Only a small flag—the Star Spangled Banner—and the metal disc, told the story of boys from our own town that had laid down their lives for us—for the world. It was sad—it was terrible.

Then again as I passed thru regions where valiant French and British troops had stopped the big German drive, I saw nearly seven hundred thousand graves—friend and foe alike. Oh! I can't tell you how I felt in this great charnel house!

The people of America cannot appreciate the marvellous preparation Germany had made for the war. Their country was not invaded nor devastated, so Germany is much better prepared to pay a bill of war damages than would the Allies have been had they lost the war. If there is a food famine in Germany, I did not see it. The country is without sugar, is short on fats, and black bread is still served. But among the upper classes there seems to be no hunger. Whether there is a famine among the poor is difficult to observe. The big, rotund German of before the war has disappeared. While there seems to be an ample supply of food in Germany, prices are very high, and I paid \$1.75 for a ham sandwich, and \$1.25 for a very small piece of soap.

The Americans had a morale that the German soldiers lacked. When the Americans reached France, the Germans were tired of war. They had taken enormous quantities of booty, which they had sent home and auctioned off. This was a source of revenue to the plunderers, and when the booty gave out, the German soldiers lost interest in fighting. One thing I learned, which surprised me, was that all thru the war the teaching of English in the German public schools did not cease.

In the face of all this, I returned from Europe an optimist. It is going to take time, but in the end peace on a good basis is going to be restored in Europe. What I saw in Germany makes me somewhat skeptical about the revolution. Even then there were indications that conditions would grow better. The Germans are too accustomed to the comforts of law and order to take kindly to anarchy.

The people of Germany are pinning their hope on America. They have lost the war, but have not awakened fully to the fact that they are defeated. Political conditions will find a peace basis.

Besides my trip into Germany, I followed in the track of the American forces thru the Argonne, and, in fact, wherever the American troops fought. I went into Belgium and saw Brussels, apparently little hurt by the war, and already turning to peace activities. But the desolation toward Dixmude, Ypres, down the Meuse road, and in northern France were unspeakable.

We drove for days thru what was once the loveliest land imaginable, now but a horrible churned mass of war supplies.



HEINIE "LOOKING PLEASANT"

The photographic plate from which this picture was printed was picked up at St. Mihiel ten days after the Germans had been forced out by the Americans, after having been there four years

battered tanks, unexploded shells, dead horses—and men. It was ghastly at Ypres and the ghosts of the hundreds of thousands of dead seemed to lie about the place like a thick, choking fog.

Yet the people are coming back to these ruins. They are trying to find where their homes once stood. When they do, they run up a little rough shelter and call it home. But in many cases it is impossible to even guess where their homes used to be.

The People's Open Forum

The following expressions of individual opinion regarding the industrial and sociological outlook of this country at the present time are contributed in response to a personal request from the editor of the NATIONAL

THERE is one thing that it seems to me would be immensely helpful in solving nearly all of the great problems that are pressing us with relation to the development of democracy. As Louis F. Post said at the Old South Meeting House Forum, if the forums could be scattered thruout every community in the United States, we should have the greatest agency for the promotion of sound public opinion that has ever existed in this country. He said that in our earliest days the pulpit was the chief agency for the promotion of public opinion, afterward the political pamphlet was largely in vogue, then came the newspaper editorial, and that now all of these agencies were largely ineffective and the open forum was a more vital, far-reaching and significant means of public discussion than any of them, because it gave the opportunity for audiences to react on the counsel and sentiment of the great speaker.

Our friend, W. H. Ingersoll, of the dollar watch, who is head of the Government's Four-Minute-Men organization in Washington, is planning in his valedictory bulletin to his seventy-four thousand Four-Minute-Men to recommend the establishment of an open forum in every one of the seven thousand communities where the Four-Minute-Men are organized.

Really, I believe the open forum spirit, method and ideal is the one best answer to all your questions. I have put ten years of my life into it and am ready to put in ten more, but the institution has reached a place now where it needs big money and big men behind it to take advantage of the present great opportunity in the nation's life.

George D. Coleman

President
Open Forum National Council,
Boston.

* * * *

PEOPLE should be themselves. A man is little recognized by what has happened yesterday or what will happen tomorrow. Today and today only is the day that we must reckon with; we must either progress or retrograde because of what we do today.

We have come out of the world conflict a more united people than we were when we went into it. We should strive to preserve for all time this spirit of unity. Each day's beginning should for every one of us commence with the thought of living and doing a little better than we did the day before. The greatest joy comes from doing good, therefore we should devote daily a part of our time, energy and means toward the larger things in life.

In our attitude toward the Germans at home, who choose not to avail themselves of the opportunity which will doubtless soon be theirs again to accept the sovereignty of the United States, and in our attitude toward the Germans abroad, we should not bewilder ourselves by conflicting emotions, but we should rather give concrete evidence that the United States is a true democracy, a government by, for, and of the people. We should be firm, but fair.

The policy of industry and business leaders should be forward and ever onward, with a degree of consistency and ingenuity

that is characteristic of truly great American industries and business men.

The golden rule should be the foundation principle upon which every business stands.

The policy of foremen, superintendents and workmen should be one of utmost faith in the belief that right makes might, and only thru whole-hearted co-operation by the masses can a true democracy exist, because, after all, a nation is as great as the people who live in it.

G. W. Brown

Chairman of the Board,
Brown Shoe Company, Inc.,
St. Louis.

* * * *

AS soon as the people, and especially the producers, of this country realize their real strength, there will be no further need for any of us to preach to them. On that day they will insist upon having a true democracy—not the democracy which is content to be ruled by the money kings whose thrones are in Wall Street, but the democracy which gives to every one a chance to live, in a world where there is more than enough for all.

In a democracy where every man is assured of his right to live a decent life, animosities will vanish, both personal, racial, political and religious. True democracy is for the peace of the world, as exemplified by Him at whose birth the angels sang.

William Mill Butler

Editor
New York.

* * * *

MY individual thoughts are much like the mass of men with whom I come in contact, as pertains to questions growing out of the great war now drawing to a close. We are content that the greater problems that must be solved shall be wrestled with by our duly delegated representatives in legislative halls and with the executives of the federal and state governments. But, concerning the little and vexatious problems of society, with which we come in daily contact, here are two about which I find an almost universal agreement of opinion and expression of hope that they shall be adequately dealt with by Congress and the various legislatures of the states to the end that quick action shall remedy them, viz.: We would like to see courts authorized to revoke the citizenship papers of every naturalized person who has given expression to pro-German sentiment, and that officers of the federal and state governments, down to the smallest one thereof, be directed to secure the necessary evidence to convict and to prosecute every such guilty person. Let the irreconcilables among these pro-Germans, who disgrace their citizenship papers and make

of them a lie, be deported each one to the country from whence he came. The second matter with which the common folks of the land are concerned is that our emigration laws shall be amended so as to keep the Hun in Hunland. We do not ever want another permitted to come to this land of the free and home of the brave. We feel that it will be a big enough job to weed out from among the mass of residents of Teutonic blood those who are true-blue Americans. We do not want to risk another immense spy and propagandist system amongst us in the "next war," which the German militarists are even now planning, with hatred and bitterness unthinkable in their hearts against America.

Albert Douglas Bolens.

Vice-President
Bush & Gerts Piano Company
Chicago.

IN my opinion there never was a time when the conditions, as we come into the reconstruction period, call for more careful thought and consideration.

To conserve the spirit of unity and tolerance, every one, it makes no difference what position he is in, must do his part to build up and bring things about to at least the normal conditions that existed prior to the war.

The policy of industrial and business leaders is of a great deal of importance. When our patriotic boys return to our shores, we have got to make places for them. Many of them will take up their old occupations, but there will be many more seeking positions, and the business man and manufacturer must do his utmost to see that these boys are employed. They have served their country well and they are entitled to every consideration.

I believe that, generally speaking, we may look for a reasonable amount of prosperity. I do not look for this prosperity to come rapidly, but if it comes gradually we may feel thankful. In my opinion, the manufacturer is not loaded with heavy stocks, neither is the retail merchant. Consequently there should be a reasonable demand, and I hope that demand will

be sufficient to keep every one employed. That is going to be one of our great difficulties. We must try to prevent having labor unemployed. I am not expecting labor to largely decrease from the present basis for some little time, not until the expenses of living are decreased from what they are today. Then gradually we will have to get back somewhere near where we were prior to the war, but labor is entitled to her benefits, and capital and labor should go hand in hand.

We have a big undertaking in this reconstruction period which we have got to go thru. If we American people give careful consideration to the conditions as they will present themselves, I believe that we will get along and will have a prosperous condition of things in general.

George H. Barham

President
The Michigan Stove Company,
Detroit.

I THINK we are very much in danger of getting to a place in this country where everybody will be absolutely materialistic: that is to say, if we keep on with eight-hour days, etc., and the so-called laboring man keeps getting higher and higher wages, every man will have to be his own farmer, carpenter, plumber and everything else of that kind, and he will not have a minute to think upon or to read anything about political economy, art, music or philosophy. I think we are facing mighty dangerous conditions, but the American people have certainly shown a very wonderful spirit in connection with this war. If they had only had a leader in 1915, who could have brought the people together and got into the war a little bit sooner, it would have saved a great many lives.

Robert F. Perkins

Financier
Boston.

Premier Clemenceau of France

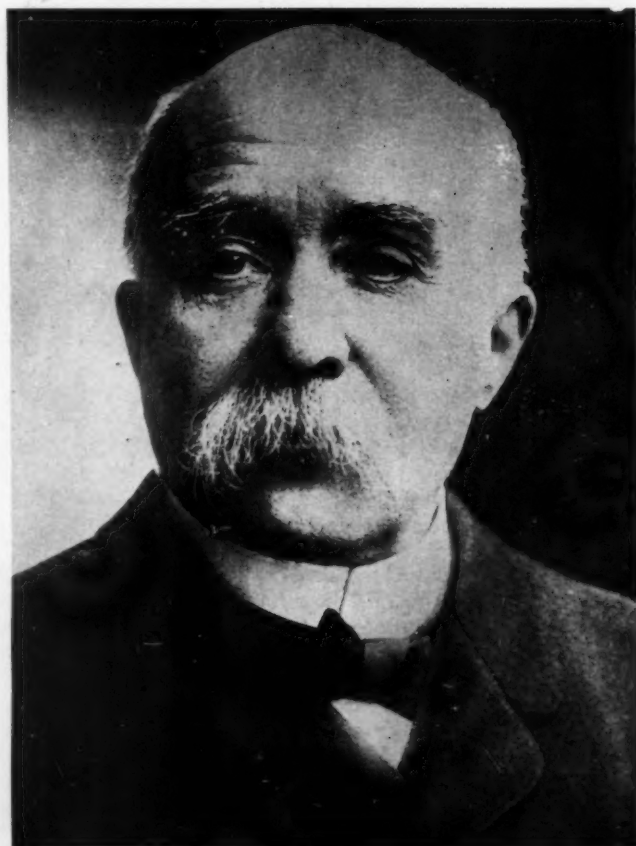
THE seventy-seven-year-old statesman, politician, journalist, orator, scholar, whose active life covers two great wars, whose peerless intellect and dauntless courage have unerringly guided the French nation thru its hour of bitter trial.

Well named "The Tiger," relentless, terrible, unswerving in his purpose, the most loved, the most hated, the most feared personage in public life in France for a generation; the man who has made ministries, who has caused the fall of three presidents of the French Republic, the bitter political foe of President Poincaré—all his personal animosities, his political feuds, his private enmities laid aside, has lived, has worked, the four years past for one consuming purpose: to win the war!

Happily escaping serious injury from the bullet of an assassin, displaying soldierly fortitude, he laughs—"It is nothing!" and France, alarmed, and on the verge of panic, breathes free.

Man of the hour in our sister republic, America remembers him as teacher in a New England seminary, and marrying an American woman, another link in the chain that joins the two countries.

Schooled in literature, in medicine, in science, in politics, in diplomacy, he brings his vast knowledge, his indomitable energy, his great qualities of leadership to bear on the one vital purpose—the triumph of Democracy.



How Hoover Got His Start

By C. A. GOSS

HERBERT HOOVER, the man who for two years has controlled the destiny of every American citizen, with a big brotherly eye on several million kitchens, had a boyhood—and it was a typical boyhood, like many of our great men have had. Sent out into the world at a tender age, with just \$6.97 hidden away in the pockets of a neat but threadbare suit, he began his fight for fame alone. But what young "Bert" lacked in finances, he made up in character. In the handwriting of his dead mother, he had an abundance of "frugality, energy and industriousness."

There is a difference in day dreams. It is just as easy to mix brains with day dreams as to drag them out in fantastical, impractical imagination. Young Hoover was a quiet, pensive lad. People who didn't know him called him either lazy or stupid, but his friends knew that he was neither. Poor orphan boy that he was, he was practical enough to know that two things were necessary—money and education—or his day dreams would amount to naught.

It seems fitting that the world's "autocrat of the breakfast table" should have had his birthplace in the very heart of the richest farming sections of the United States. At West Branch, Iowa, the little old one-story house that was his first home is still standing. It is little wonder that in later years when confronted with the task of feeding hungry, stricken Belgium, his thoughts turned longingly to his early home and the rich, fertile fields of corn and wheat that stretched out on all sides of the little town.

The old records still on file in the Cedar County Courthouse throw an illuminating light on the development of the man whose word is today household law all over America. He was born in a simple, unassuming atmosphere. His father



HERBERT C. HOOVER
TODAY



THE BIRTHPLACE OF HERBERT C. HOOVER
West Branch, Iowa

was the village blacksmith and his mother a Quaker preacher. Young Hoover spent his time as the other boys of the community did—rolling marbles in front of the little store, running barefoot along the dusty roads and winding cow-paths, doing a few chores,

and going to school, in season. He loved to sit in his father's shop watching the sparks from the flaming forge and dream dreams. His two ambitions were to travel around the world and to become a mining engineer.

Both parents died when Herbert was only ten. Sympathetic neighbors lamented the fact that "now young Bert would have to be a farmer instead of a blacksmith. With his dad to train him, he would have been right handy with the anvil." But the boy had other plans, even at that early age. The little home and blacksmith shop were sold and the proceeds used to educate the three children. The older brother became an apprentice as a printer and a relative took the sister. Young Herbert went to live with an uncle who was a farmer. Everyone liked the boy and put odd jobs in his way to help him earn a little money. The uncle was kind to him and gave him all the advantages that lay in his power. The winters were spent in school and the summers on the farm at hard, faithful work in the fields. While he was working he was saving, and while he was saving he was dreaming—dreaming of that long-looked-for trip around the world, of thrilling experiences, and saving for that trip. His friends called him a "tight wad" and a "miser," but they liked the bright, jolly fellow just the same, and Herbert held to his purpose.

At the age of fourteen the young dreamer had saved enough money to take him to the Pacific Coast and pay his board for a week. His pals laughed at the idea of "goin' West." "You'll come tramping back" they told him, "there's lots worse places than your uncle's." But Herbert didn't come "tramping back." When he did visit his old home it was in a touring car, of his own. (Continued on page 91)



HOOVER WHEN A BOY

A New National Air

American Music for "America"

DESCRIBE it if you can—twenty-five thousand children in Madison Square Garden on the hottest day of August, with eyes and ears focussed upon you. I have not had my voice since, but it was worth it all. They marched in like battalions from the four corners, sturdy little troopers and earnest, for the great War-Savings rally. With kind-faced teachers in command, it was a vision of young America, twenty-five thousand strong. From the topmost rafters to the floor, the chatter and buzz of their voices, in itself an indication of one of the things for which America fought—the American home—women and children gathered for the great demonstration for War Savings under the direction of Mr. F. W. Allen.

When Mr. James J. McCabe raised his baton and the children sang, it seemed like a symphony of youth. Hot, yes—but everybody was warm-hearted and enthusiastic looking on that vast throng. Under the magic baton of Mr. McCabe, the children sang the new melody for "America," a distinctively American tune, composed by Mr. McCabe for the American words. This is, of course, with no disrespect to the grand old national hymn of Britain; but somehow the old words had a new ring in the new setting. This American air has received hearty commendations from Mrs. Frances Cleveland Preston, former "First Lady of the Land;" Mr. Gerard, and many other eminent Americans. The late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, with a smile, complimented the composer upon the new "America" as one that would bring nearer the time Britain might have her national air to herself.

The music was written simply that we might have a tune of our own for Dr. Smith's beautiful words. Even the "Star Spangled Banner" is an English tune, altho our song has monopolized and dominated the old air. But with "America" it is different—we share it.

Mr. McCabe began the study of music at an early age, has been supervisor of music in the Brooklyn Training School

for teachers, and in New York schools for many years. He loves his work and his composition reflects the high note of patriotism that is characteristic of his activities. Copies of the song are being furnished free to those who care to send to the "America" distributors, 134 Broadway, Brooklyn, New York, by simply paying the postage. The song is the mature musical expression of one who has spent his life in the study and production of patriotic music, and who has been active in community choruses.

The Russian, Italian and Polish children in Mr. McCabe's district are widely known for their intense American spirit. The daily color guard work at the Williamsburg Bridge Plaza is a notable patriotic exercise, for these boys and girls from the school in his district raise and lower the flag on the big pole every morning and evening in the year, including Saturdays,

Sundays, holidays and vacation time. Rainstorms, blizzards, extreme heat or frightful cold do not deter them from performing their patriotic exercise. For three years this has been going on, and no wonder, with this leaven working in the loaf, that in New York on this hot day the voices of children were raised in a mighty chorus to express themselves in the great work of War Savings. It is the one great monument that includes all classes, all ages, the broadest and most direct expression of democracy in the long list of war activities.

Yes, as my collar wilted, the enthusiasm grew warmer. I have spoken to school children in every state and territory, but never to such a gathering at one time. The children of America were a big factor in the war, for almost the first thing that

an American boy or girl develops today is patriotic instinct which makes for the glory of service when the call comes to stand by the flag. They remember the pledge. The competition addresses by the sturdy young lads and lasses upon the War Savings Campaign were a revelation of oratory for oncoming generations that recalled the days of the old debating societies.

AMERICA

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

S. F. SMITH JAMES J. McCABE

Macioso. (MM ♩ = 88) — With fervor and vigor; moderate time, not too slow.

*CAUTION—Note the time

ad lib. *f* *a tempo*

ad lib. *f* *a tempo*

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People it Pays to Know ✓

Charles Lathrop Pack

By WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS



HERE are adequate reasons why Charles Lathrop Pack is interested in gardens—both War Gardens, and Victory Gardens. Even when a boy he was particularly interested in soil, and engaged in active gardening himself.

Mr. Pack's first attempt along these lines happened at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1875. And, curiously enough, his first garden grew, like many war gardens have since grown, on slacker land. On vacant allotment land, held by real estate agents for speculation, he produced one of the first crops of smooth-skinned, solid flesh tomatoes ever grown in this country. In one summer, from his garden, he made a profit of over five hundred dollars—his first capital.

Always interested in the outdoors, with particular affection for the woods and standing timber, because of the possibilities of the forest, Mr. Pack at an early date explored the great forests of the Northwest, and was one of the first men to discover, and to declare that all the best timber in the world was not centered, as was then so generally believed, around Michigan and the northern part of the Middle West states.

Because of his being a forestry and nature lover, Mr. Pack spent some time in the Black Forests of Germany, and, while in Europe, studied scientific forestry at Gernsbach. An explorer of timber wilds, he adventured in the vast unexplored forests of this country and was one of the first men to realize the economic value of the long leaf and short leaf pine of the South, which is familiarly known as southern pine.

When the United States first entered the war, and the need became acute for conservation in every line, Mr. Pack realized what a vast amount of vacant land, suitable for gardening and agriculture, there was in and about our American towns and cities. He realized what an economic gain could be secured by the people raising their own food at home, on what he so aptly calls "slacker land."

American people, unlike the people of France or Germany, buy nearly all of their food from farmers, a great amount being purchased in distant places, with the resultant high cost due to transportation and handling. Food raised about towns and cities, "F. O. B. the Kitchen Door"—a term originated by Mr. Pack—is not only a saving in transportation cost, but an elimination of the wholesaler's and retailer's profit as well. In January, 1917, because of this knowledge, Mr. Pack originated the idea of the National War Garden Commission, which was subsequently established, and Mr. Pack elected as president.

That his views have proven true is evidenced by the great success of gardening during the last two years in the United States. The National War Garden Commission estimates that more than a million acres of slacker land have been put under cultivation by the people of this country. Not only has the movement been a success, but the value of the movement, and its sound economics have exceeded expectation.

The task of Mr. Pack and his associates was herculean, no small part of the work being the necessity of educating the people to gardening possibilities. Surrounding himself with an adequate organization, Mr. Pack started his educational propaganda. This campaign developed into one of the biggest advertising campaigns in the history of the United States. Not only was it big, but it was probably better handled than any other paper propaganda sent out. Newspapers, publishers, and magazines contributed generously of space and effort, every care was taken to see that paper was not wasted, the mails were not encumbered with matter the people did not want and, in the end, the amount of publicity given gardening and allied subjects, if paid for, at the lowest advertising rates possible

to secure, would have cost in one year, two million one hundred thousand dollars. The newspapers printed it as news.

Not only did the commission devote its efforts to teaching people how to raise food, but how to keep it after it was raised.



CHARLES LATHROP PACK

Ten times as many vessels of all description for canning purposes were used last year than in years before the war. Mr. Pack advocated the use of the cold pack method of canning, which was so successful that a southern admirer wrote in and asked, "Are you named after Cold Pack, or is Cold Pack named after you?"

This year the commission is turning its attention to helping feed the world thru the medium of Victory Gardens. Their methods will be much the same as that employed in stimulating war gardens.

Now that the war is over, however, the question of reforestation has become an important one in Europe. Tho not generally realized, more trees were destroyed in France than men.

It is the French forests that really saved Paris. The resistance they gave to Germany by impeding that country's armed progress gave the French time to resist invasion, and to this inanimate aid the preparation for, and winning of the first battle of the Marne should in part really be credited.

The sacrifice of the French forests is a history of some of the biggest battles of the war, as well (Continued on page 90)



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WRITE A SONG—Love, mother, home, childhood, patriotic, or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thos. Merlin, 281 Reaper Block, Chicago.

Along the Italian Front

Continued from page 60

were all lighted by electricity and had telephones. Every splinter of that lumber and the materials which entered into the construction of the building were carried up that last one thousand feet by mules.

The Major was a jovial fellow! Off-hand he said at once:

"We're keeping them busy up here." When asked if there was much shooting, he said:

"We shoot so many shells every day, just to let them know we are here."

When we inquired about the time of shooting he said: "The exercises begin soon."

"Can I stay?" I hesitatingly inquired. "Sure Mike," he cried, and laughed hilariously. Evidently it was the only bit of the American tongue he had picked up. I was willing to change my name to see the show.

It was a dramatic moment when, lower down, I had looked thru an opening in the peaks and saw for the first time the Austrian frontier. But the upshot of all my experiences was now to come.

He conducted us to a narrow walk on the side of a rugged peak.

"Bend low," he cautioned, "if they see, they will pepper." So, skulking like Indians, we crept along until we entered a long, winding tunnel. There were short lateral tunnels leading out of the main one, where concealed mortars and howitzers stood, their noses pointed in the air.

I said to the major, "Is there any danger here?"

"Not unless they blow the top of the mountain off," he sniffed.

We entered another barracks and here we had more coffee. Then thru a tunnel to a terrace, which led to the tip-top peak, we climbed a ladder, perhaps a hundred feet. Another winding tunnel, and thru a tiny peek hole in the solid rock was an Austrian camp, not over fifty yards away, the smoke of the fire curling leisurely upward, to dissipate in the thin air, or be lost amid the snows. The enemy was there.

The major said enthusiastically: "Now we'll see the fireworks." Ordering my lieutenant companion to fire, the latter phoned to his own battery, stationed below.

In a twinkling of an eye, a ribbon of fire shot past the peek hole. Smoke puffed on the opposite peak, and thru the glasses camp utensils could be seen flying into the air. We saw all this before we heard the report.

"It's a hit," the major shouted. Then turning to the lieutenant, he praised him on the work of his battery.

I had seen more than brain could comprehend. Here at the very peak of the Alps, the eye of Italy was on Austria.

Descending the ladder, we entered once more the barracks, where camp dogs added a little domesticity to the solitary loneliness.

Passing down one of the tunnels, I heard a

shout. I did not know the language, but I recognized the tone, and "ducked," lying flat down, close to the eternal walls. An Austrian "skodda" was trying to become sociable.

Now for the descent of the Telliferico! I lay face up. The incline was so steep the car was almost upright—at such an angle that the whole scene spread out before me. The great peaks underneath looked like hillocks. Great mountain valleys from which the snow has never departed since the morning stars sang together at creation, were bathed in almost every blue and purple tone. Peaks swept on until in the distance they dissolved in the gray mist, as diminutive and pointed as a collection of army tents.

When we had descended and reached the point where the lieutenant's battery was located, the very same which had so accurately saluted the enemy, I noticed a tally board where a record of every shot, and results as far as they were known, was kept day by day.

Turning to the barracks for dinner, we were just finishing our soup, when a shell smashed over the battery. The Austrians had the range now.

The lieutenant coolly said:

"Guess we will have to move again."

The casualties numbered four mules which were grazing about in the little space.

Here I was sent to bed, until my clothing and shoes were dry enough to be wearable. Getting out of bed, we started on the one-hundred-mile ride to Verona, then thru Vincenza. It was the wildest ride I ever had on wheels. The rain came pouring down. We were soon soaked to the skin. In the darkness, for we had no headlights, we hardly ever knew where we were going. Not until we arrived at Verona at one a. m. did I have a feeling of safety.

In the darkness we toured within the historic walls of the city for nearly an hour trying to locate the leading hotel, and when we finally did, and sought for admission, the porter shook his head, until he learned that we were the two guests whose luggage had preceded us. Rooms were provided, but nothing else. Not a crumb to eat, not even a hot swallow to warm us. Major Fabbri said:

"We're due for pneumonia tomorrow." But the porter hung out our wearing apparel under the gabled roof to dry, and Sunday morning we woke up to find our clothes cleaned, brushed and pressed, and sauntered forth, arrayed for all the world like "two gentlemen of Verona."

People it Pays to Know

Continued from page 89

as the most decisive. Not only were the forests destroyed by the havoc of fighting, but by pillage. Whenever the Germans captured a large forest, they stole the timber, and either carted it back to Germany for domestic purposes or else used it as trench bulwarks. Over one million and two hundred thousand acres of French forests were

totally destroyed during the war. This is a serious question when it is known that in peace times over six hundred thousand French gain their livelihood from these destroyed forests. While there is at this time much lumber on the ground, it is totally unfit for any purpose except fire wood, being full of shot, shell fragments, and shrapnel.

One of the present needs of France is the rehabilitation of her forests. His long experience as a scientific forester makes Mr. Pack an admirable man to aid in the work. P. S. Ridsdale, secretary of the National War Garden Commission, was recently sent to France by the American Forestry Association, of which Mr. Pack is president as well as being chairman of the French Agricultural Committee of the American Committee for Devastated France, to confer with representatives of the French Government with the object in view of helping to restore the devastated forest regions.

France has been experimenting for a number of years with several varieties of American forest trees and has found many which were adapted to French soil. A number of people have suggested sending over young nursery stock, trees from two to five years old, but the French Government has decided that it does not wish to take the risk of importing growing stock because of the danger of importing tree diseases at the same time. The American Forestry Association, however, has tendered the French people an offer of American forest seed, which has been accepted.

No one can talk to Charles Lathrop Pack without being enthused by the man, and becoming enthusiastic about his work. The reason is that Pack is enthusiastic himself. He loves the great outdoors, the soil, the forests, and he is transplanting this love into the hearts of his American brothers and sisters. Somewhat past the years when some men are considered active, Mr. Pack is a vigorous man, mentally and physically. There is a continuous twinkle in his eyes that denotes a sense of humor, and it is this sense that keeps him young. The work of the National War Garden Commission is a monument to his belief, and were he to do nothing else he would have achieved a monument that will exist as long as memory lives, because the results of his work are enshrined in the hearts of millions of American co-gardeners as well as in the hearts of their hungry European brothers and sisters to whom their gardens supplied food.

How Hoover Got His Start

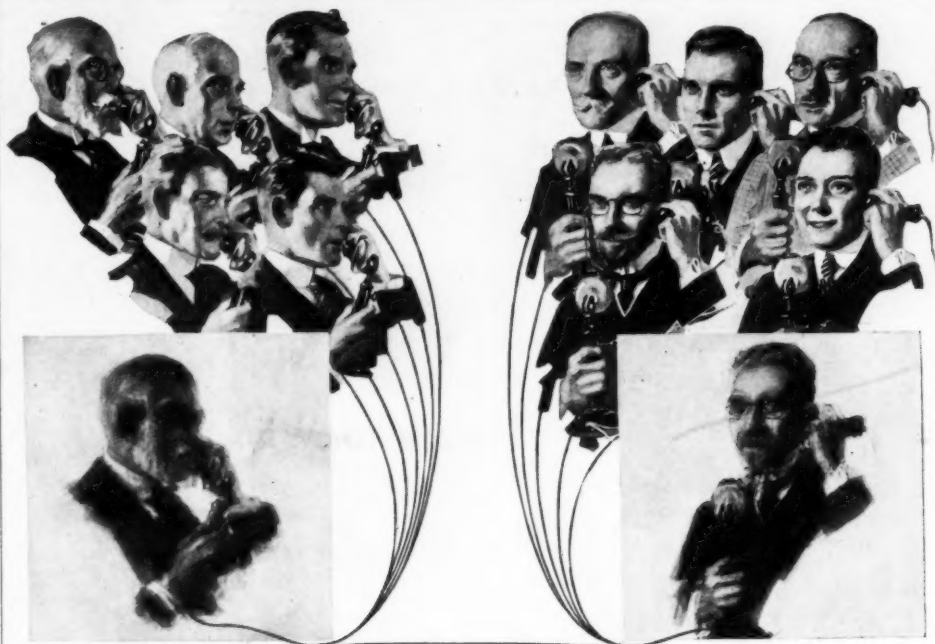
Continued from page 87

and his dream had come true. The barefooted orphan lad had traveled around the world, had seen wonderful adventures in dark continents, and had dined with kings and potentates.

The young traveler landed in Salem, Oregon, where he went to work as office boy for a real estate concern. He studied nights and saved more money. When Leland Stanford University was founded, young Hoover was the first applicant for admittance. He was still day dreaming and he wanted to learn mining engineering.

Before school started his savings were all gone. Herbert needed funds and he saw the university needed a laundry. So the laundry was organized, a Chinaman hired, and the adventure was soon returning a good income. He did so well with the laundry that he gained a reputation as an organizer. When athletics needed organizing, they called on young Hoover; he put the University publication on its feet and was called on to manage every organized campaign about the institution. Finally he graduated with honors, and for nearly two years worked in mines at hard toil getting experience.

At the end of that time he made application to a big mining concern as a full-fledged engineer. There was no opening save an unimportant clerical job. Hoover took it. Nothing daunted him. He started in keeping books and acting as clerk. In a short time he was promoted, then again and again, until he was sent to Australia



Multiplexing the Telephone

Marvel has followed marvel since Alexander Graham Bell invented his first simple telephone, the forerunner of the millions in use today.

In these last four decades thousands of Bell engineers have developed a system of telephonic communication, so highly perfected, that the same crude instrument which at the beginning could hardly carry speech from one room to another can now actually be heard across the continent. This is because of the many inventions and discoveries which have been applied to intervening switchboard, circuits and other transmitting mechanism.

The vision of the engineers has foreseen requirements for increased communication, and step by step the structure of the art has

been advanced—each advance utilizing all previous accomplishments.

No one step in advance, since the original invention, is of greater importance, perhaps, than that which has provided the multiplex system by which five telephone conversations are carried on today simultaneously over one toll line circuit or, by which forty telegraphic messages can be sent over the one pair of wires. As in a composite photograph the pictures are combined, so the several voice waves mingle on the circuit to be again separated for their various destinations.

By this wonderful development the Bell System obtains for the public a multiplied usefulness from its long distance plant and can more speedily and completely meet the needs of a nation of telephone users.



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to direct mining operations for his company, and in turn to China as director of mining for the Chinese government. Later he became one of a British mining corporation, and his duties took him to almost every corner of the world. Fifteen years after he left his boyhood home, a barefoot lad of fourteen, his dreams had come true—he had seen every country in the world.

Hoover was in England when the news of war came. His attention was turned unreservedly to the managing and transportation of stranded Belgians to their homes. When stricken Belgium called for food there was no one who could manage her case so well as Hoover. In his almost magical dispensation of the needs of poor Belgium he made a profound impression on all Europe.

Then it became necessary to have government control over the Allied food supply. It was a task the momentary and solemnity of which was surpassed by no other in the world. Altho only forty-four years of age, Hoover was the logical man for the place. He has had a tremendous and unpleasant task, and he has performed it with a minimum of friction, and better results probably than any other man who could have been

named for the place. He has made one bushel of wheat go farther than two went before the war. He is a great food administrator. And this great world character was the same orphan lad who worked his way thru college and faced life with less than seven dollars in his pocket.

The men upon whom the eyes of the world are turned to meet the Allies' food needs is a modest man. He talks little about himself, and the uphill road he had to climb in his youth. Big man that he is, he prefers to keep out of the limelight. It is a part of the Quaker faith to carry simplicity even to the grave. Several years ago Mr. Hoover returned to West Branch, traveling in his own private car, and visited the humble resting place of his father and mother under the pines in the little cemetery. In thirty short years his dreams had all come true; he had traveled around the world and he was a famous engineer—an engineer not only of mining but of human destinies as well. Great tho he is, the boy was father of the man. No loafing in vacation time, frugal, industrious, energetic, he was a dreamer of dreams and a doer of deeds.

Are Weak Nerves and Lack of Physical Strength Holding You Back in Life?

You Must Have Plenty of Iron in Your Blood if You Want the Power and Energy to Win, Says Physician

When the crushing grip of worry, trials, and care saps your vitality and keeps you from the full enjoyment of home, social and business life—take Nuxated Iron and watch its strength-giving, upbuilding effect; it will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down folks in two-weeks' time, in many instances.

THOUSANDS are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, in commenting on the relation of strong nerves and physical endurance to the attainment of success and power.

"A weak body means a weakened brain; weak nerve force means weakened will power, and like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood. That irritable twitch, that fit of despondency, that dizzy, fearful feeling—these are the sort of signals nature gives to tired, listless folks when the blood is clamoring for strength-giving iron—more iron to restore the health by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells.

"In my opinion the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. Iron is absolutely essential to enable your blood to transform the food you eat into muscular tissue and brain. It is thru iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"Therefore, I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood



builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken other iron products and failed to get results, remember that such preparations are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron, which has been used and strongly endorsed by many physicians formerly connected with well-known hospitals, and such men as former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential Nominee, Charles A. Towne, former members of Congress, distinguished United States Army Generals (retired), Judge Atkinson of the United States Court of Claims at Washington, and others."

In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron, former Health Commissioner of Chicago, William R. Kerr, said: "As Health Commissioner of the city of Chicago, I was importuned many times to recommend different medicines, mineral waters, etc. Never yet had I gone on record as favoring any particular remedy. But, in the case of Nuxated Iron, I feel an exception should be made to the rule. From my own experience with it, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in

every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country, and if my endorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron, I feel I

would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power, and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

No matter what other tonics or iron remedies you have used without success—if you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

Manufacturers' Note.—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians, and which is now being used by over three million people annually, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

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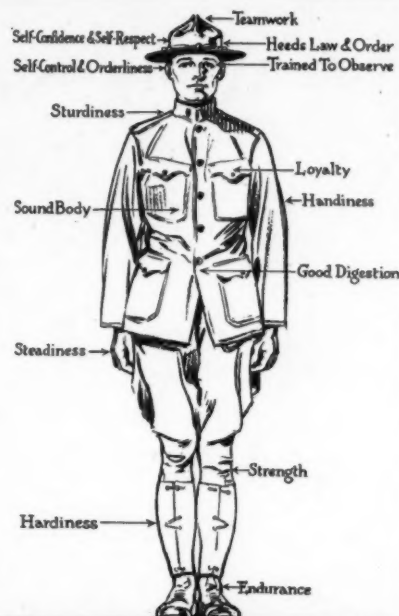
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LEVER BROS. CO., Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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One of the first four rules for keeping well in our Army is "Bathe once a day."

The clean soldier, Pershing is quoted as saying, is more courageous, never discouraged—he is brimming with energy.

Among the Books

WHEN Roger Ballantine's son Tom married Shiela Moore, "the prettiest girl who ever handed a box of chocolates across the counters" of his father's chain of candy stores, it naturally caused ructions in the family. And when, instead of taking the planned honeymoon trip to Washington, Shiela insisted that they go to his home in New York, she also started something. Arrived under the parental roof, the pair met with consternation, which immediately gave way to anger on both sides.

As usual, Roger Ballantine had his way. Tom returned to Harvard to finish his course, and Shiela went to a "select" school up the Hudson. Her real identity and the fact of her marriage remaining a secret, she formed friendships with girl schoolmates which greatly raised her value in the eyes of her social-climbing mother-in-law.

The "Hope Chest," which enters but casually in the story at first, is a marriage chest which Shiela's dead mother had filled with linens and embroideries of exquisite texture and workmanship. That its importance justifies its use as the book's title is amply demonstrated before the conclusion.

It is a pity that Mr. Luther couldn't have found some perfectly nice way of making the sulky, suspicious, quarrelsome Tom abdicate in favor of the much more likable Stoughton Lounsbury. Somehow, Roger Ballantine looms as the real hero of the tale, and one feels a little sorry, for Shiela's sake, at least, that Tom should not have been more like his father.

"The Hope Chest." By Mark Lee Luther. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.

The metamorphosis, within one year's time, of a typically frivolous, irresponsible girl into a woman, who, thru sacrifice and sorrow is brought to a realization of the higher things of life, is chronicled in "Over Here," by Ethel M. Kelley. Essentially the story of a war bride, it begins in the days of late 1916, when, to prophesy or advocate the participation of America in the conflict was to evoke derision and anathema.

Written somewhat in diary form, it is, more properly speaking, a record of the thoughts of a girl at once delightfully naive and unbelievably innocent. Her gradual change of heart, her courage and her visualization of the war in terms of her own but represent what has taken place in countless such cases. It was only after the war had taken from her the ultimate that she viewed it in terms of universals.

That her tragic experience will have all too many counterparts we can but admit. The picture is not overdrawn; its reality impresses. And the high courage evinced by Beth thru her ordeal will likely prove an inspiration to others in similar circumstances.

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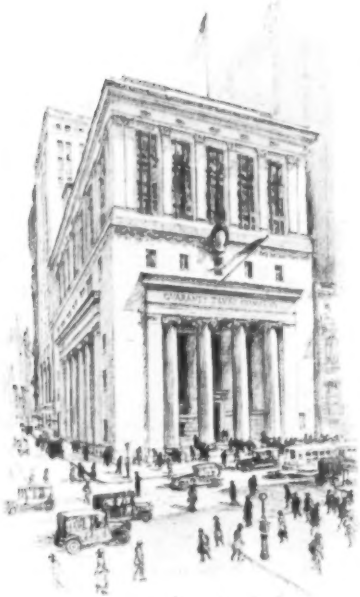
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mayer made allusion in 1860 has been fully realized in all its particulars and horrors. The first Balkan war of 1876-1877 just started the long struggle that has followed the Balkan and other Yugoslav countries for the emancipation of their race from any foreign influence, and for which today they are again struggling. But the errors that have been committed by European diplomacy in the past certainly will not be repeated again. The destiny of the Slavonian people as well as of all oppressed nations, big and small, will not be dictated today by another Bismarck and Andrassy, but by Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, in co-operation with Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and other diplomats of the Allied nations, who will purify the world of all evil geniuses and give to all humanity lasting peace and prosperity.

CZECHO-SLOVAK CONGRESS INDORSED BY UNITED STATES

Official Bulletin from United States Government
Friday, May 1st, 1918, W. 323

The Secretary of State desires to announce that the proceedings of the Congress of Oppressed Races of Austria-Hungary, which was held in Rome in April, have been followed with great interest by the Government of the United States, and that the nationalistic aspirations of the Czecho-Slovaks and Yugoslavs for freedom have the earnest sympathy of this government.

THE CONGRESS HELD AT ROME

A congress organized by a committee formed at Rome "for the liberation of the oppressed nationalities of Austria-Hungary," was held at Rome on the 8th, 9th and 10th of April, 1918.

All the people directly concerned were represented—Italians, Czecho-Slovaks, Rumanians, Poles, Yugoslavs and Serbs. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"The representatives of the nationalities wholly or partly subject to the domination of Austria-Hungary—Italians, Poles, Rumanians, Czechs, Yugoslavs—have united in affirming as follows the principles by which their common action shall be guided:

RIGHT OF NATIONAL UNITY

"1. Each of these peoples proclaim its right to establish its own nationality and state unity, to complete this unity, and to attain full political and economic independence.

"2. Each of these peoples recognizes in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy the instrument of Germanic domination and the fundamental obstacle to the realization of its aspirations and its rights.

"3. The assembly, consequently, recognizes the necessity for a common struggle against the common oppressor, in order that each people may attain its complete liberation and complete national unity as a single free state.

"The representatives of the Italian people and the Yugoslav people are agreed in particular as follows:

"1. As regards the relations between the Italian nation, and the nation of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—known also under the name of the Yugoslav nation—the representatives of the two people recognize that the unity and independence of the Yugoslav nation is of vital interest to Italy, just as the completion of Italian nationality is of vital interest to the Yugoslav nation. And therefore the representatives of the two peoples pledge themselves to use their utmost effort, to the end that during the war and at the moment of peace these aims of the two peoples may be fully attained in their entirety.

LIBERATION OF THE ADRIATIC

"2. They affirm that the liberation of the Adriatic Sea and its defense against every actual and eventual enemy is of vital interest to the two peoples.

"3. They pledge themselves to resolve amicably, in the interest of future good and sincere relations between the two peoples, the various territorial controversies on the basis of nationality, and the rights of peoples to decide their own fate, and in such a manner as not to injure the vital interests of the two nations, to be defined at the moment of peace.

"4. The nuclei of one people which may have to be included with the frontiers of the other shall be guaranteed the right to have their own language culture, and moral and economic interests respected."

Dalmatia

(Continued from page 68)

and thus to witness what seemed to him the just retribution for the sufferings inflicted upon his race and his religion. Hence the rising in Bosnia, which formed a titular dependency of his diocese, commanded his whole sympathy and interest. He never lost an opportunity of pleading the cause of the Southern Slavs, whether Greeks or Catholics; and by means of his numerous connections with eminent English and French men, he was able to influence very materially the public opinion of those countries during the eastern crisis. Thru the medium of Lord Acton, he entered into correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, and in a series of effective letters, advocated the liberation and autonomy of the Southern Slavs and particularly of the Christian people of the Balkans. The great Bishop died, at the age of ninety, on April 10, 1905, on the eve of a new political era in Croatia, which event, however, was prevented by his death.*

The reproduction in part of one of his most important letters, which forms a very close connection with the actual great World War and unsettled Southern Slav question will be read with interest today:

Diakovo, October 1, 1876

Allow me to thank you from my inmost soul for the generous initiative you have taken in the name of your own glorious nation and the whole civilized world for the rights of humanity and freedom, for which the unfortunate Southern Slavs are suffering so much, and pouring forth their blood in an unequal conflict.

The Koran has manifested before God and man its absolute incapacity to govern Christian nations by making itself the basis not only of religious, but of social and political life.

Its fatal purpose is either to force Islamism upon them, or to

*This new political event here mentioned and which tended towards the unification of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, was first promoted by Ljudevit Gaj, the founder of the "Illirian Movement," in 1840, but he was prevented from bringing it to its realization, having been cast into prison for high treason.

deprive them forever of political rights and to plunge them into an intolerable oppression.

No power in the world can change this inherent mission of the Koran, for it comes from the belief of the Moslem, from God Himself, and must, therefore, be unchangeable and perpetual. Hence the evident truth that all attempted reforms are fruitful of nothing but an increase of suffering to the Christian. The Turks are cunning enough to be generous with treacherous promises in the hour of trouble, but it is impossible that their promises should ever be sincere. It is pitiful that there should be men who have the weakness to allow themselves to be so openly deceived; and it is sad, especially, that European diplomacy should be among them.

The Turks are so covetous and so vicious that they can only be compared to swarms of locusts that devastate a country and leave nothing but desolation and disease behind, and I cannot help observing the contrast between the Arabs, who left splendid traces of their mental activity in Europe, and the Turkish race, which is utterly incapable of creating anything and is only skillful to destroy.

Turkey is clearly a rotten Lazarus, with the difference that the Turkish Lazarus, while bodily he merely vegetates, is in spirit already in the tomb, and spreads an odor of death in all directions. There is no power which can waken this Lazarus to life.

Europe's problem simply consists in making the Turks disappear from Europe, if possible, without bloodshed and great upheavals.

My dear friend, if Christian Europe were conscious of its higher mission, it would not for a moment tolerate those atrocities, whose saddened witnesses we are. Humane Europe has by international obligations guaranteed that instruments of war which mangle and annihilate may not be used in modern war, but it has forgotten to note that man, the savage and fanatic, is the most cruel and fearful engine of war. Otherwise it could not allow the fiercest and most savage people of Asia and Africa to be let loose on unhappy Christian peoples.

No child, no old man, no woman is spared by them. They know nothing of consideration toward prisoners, wounded and unarmed men. To them the Red Cross or ambulances and hospitals is a sign not of mercy, but of hate and loathing, which goads them to cruelty and bestiality. Either Europe will at last do its duty, or God will employ the dying Ottoman race as a fearful scourge of Europe, which has sunk in discord and petty disputes and needs a bloody rejuvenation. On England today (and we may add freely on the United States and France—Note of Editor), rest a great responsibility. Either it will be a blessing to the world, by its calm and genuine devotion to Christendom, or, by unchaining the fury of war it will be a misfortune to the world.*

*Remarks.—This letter that I have inserted called my attention to the fact that the prophecy of which Archbishop Stro-

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